

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS

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street, Berkeley-square.
Nov. 24, A Paper, by Mr. E. Cooper, 'On Chromatic Decoration,' containing Remarks on the Use of Colours by the Ancients, and on the Continent to the 18th Century.
Dec. 10, (In conclusion)—Its Application in England from the 13th Century.

Visitors' tickets may be obtained from the Secretary, 17, Sussex-place, Kensington.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1845.

REVIEWS

The History of the Swedes. By Eric Gustave Geijer, Historiographer Royal of Sweden, and Professor of History in the University of Upsala. Translated from the Swedish, with an Introduction and Notes, by J. H. Turner, Esq., M.A. Whittaker & Co.

IN our language we have hitherto had no tolerable history of Sweden. The mere announcement, therefore, of this work, ought to be acceptable to the British public,—the more so as we could not hope to find a writer better qualified for such an undertaking than Professor Geijer. Amongst the advantages which he has possessed above other men may be reckoned a continued residence in a university, a command over the repositories of the national history, great general learning, a profound acquaintance with the antiquities of the country, and a long preparation for such a work by the publication of the 'Svea Rikes Häfder' (a collection of dissertations on the early history and antiquities of Sweden), and still more by his co-editorship of the 'Scriptores Rerum Suecicarum.' In our view he has another merit of nearly equal value, though of a negative kind—an exemption from the speculative spirit so fatal to the current historical literature of Germany, France, and England. He is no lover of ingenious hypotheses. Having laid a solid foundation for his work by extensive and untiring study, he has no need of speculation to supply the place of facts—to cover poverty of attainments by brilliant, discursive, or novel theories. Relying on his own vast stores, which he has collected with labour and examined with exactitude, he will not borrow an extrinsic wealth from imagination. So that he can instruct, he has no wish to dazzle. The result is a structure of massive solidity, which will continue to defy the attacks of time, when not a vestige of more airy fabrics is to be discovered.

The volume before us comprises three of the original, and the only three that have yet appeared; but the rest of the work, we understand, is in a forward state. It brings down the national history to the abdication of Christina, in 1654. If one volume should be thought inadequate to the full discussion of the subject from the earliest known times to that year, let us call to mind that no dependence is to be placed on Swedish history prior to the ninth century; and next, let us add, that the present volume is so closely printed, in double columns, as to contain as much matter as three or four ordinary octavos. Besides, the author's powers of condensation (a rare quality in our days) enable him to express in a single page what some writers would expand into a chapter. Assuredly he has left no legitimate part of his subject either untouched or meagrely treated. He is everywhere as full and comprehensive as he is lucid and impartial. His materials are too vast to render it necessary for him to indulge in verbosity. He forces himself along, not like a narrow rill "gurgling through a broad meadow of margin," but like a river, wide, deep, and comparatively silent. That he has not been rendered familiar to us long ago, is not very creditable to our literary men. Nearly ten years have elapsed since the publication of his last volume; and in that time what a number of wretched historical translations have been obtruded upon us! A few more such works as this would go far to effect a salutary revolution in public taste. *Non desint!* We have just praised our author for impartiality, and well does he merit the praise. Though an ecclesiastic, he is no blind adorer of the Church

as it is. Where censure is due, he does not withhold it from any fear of injuring his preferment. Indeed, considerations of this kind seem to have no influence over him, for he is said to have refused two bishoprics—Linköping and Carlstadt. Nor has he been so far absorbed by study as to be rendered unfit for the active duties of life. During fourteen or fifteen years, he represented the University of Upsala in the Diet, and was by no means an idle member of the Legislature. And he seems to have won the esteem of all men, from the monarch, who intrusted him with the education of the Crown Prince, Oscar (now king of Sweden and Norway), to the humblest journalist of Stockholm. Of the present Diet he is not a member—doubtless that he may have more leisure to finish his great undertaking.

From what we have said of Professor Geijer it will readily be supposed that he is not likely to dwell long amidst the dark clouds which involve the early history of Sweden. In about thirty pages he discusses the origin, history, religion, institutions, and customs of the Pagans—subjects which, however conjectural for the most part, have filled as many chapters in other histories. Ancient Sweden was inhabited by, at least, two people, who, though indisputably of the same origin, were, for a time, distinct in government, laws, and even religion. The Suiones, who inhabited the north and east, were a theocratic state, under the rule of pontiff monarchs, Odin and his descendants. They were evidently the last comers, and they drove the Goths to the south and west. Our author, therefore, regards Odin as historical more than mythological: and there can be no doubt that he was so. The deification of heroes, if it be not of Scythian extraction, certainly flourished more in Scythia—the country of Odin and his followers—than anywhere else. Hero worship is the basis of the religion of the Swedes. How far the religious worship of these people amalgamated with that of the earlier Goths, it would be vain to inquire. Still less can we discover the religious opinions of the inhabitants prior to the Goths—those who, under the denomination of Lapps, Finns and Jutes (for they were kindred, a fact proved by the affinity of their languages), may justly lay claim to an origin lost in the unfathomable depths of antiquity. This, at least, is certain, that Thor was not originally an Odinic deity: either he belonged to the Goths, or to the predecessors of the Goths; but the former is much more probable. In the Scandinavian mythology we meet at almost every step with contradictory elements. We see the jarring principles of hero and demon worship—gods above and gods below; and intermediate beings, whose attributes no ingenuity could reconcile on any other hypothesis than the imperfect amalgamation of different creeds. Like all conquered people, or (if the term conquered should give offence) people who are forced into union with a stronger power, the Goths submitted alike to the spiritual and the temporal supremacy of the pontiff kings at Upsala. These were the Ynglings, so famous in the annals of the Swedes. How long this theocratic dynasty reigned can never be known. From Odin to Ingiald Illrada, twenty-five princes are enumerated,—the four eldest of whom, Odin, Niord, Frey, and Freya, were worshipped as leading deities. With this Ingiald, whose atrocities rendered him detestable to the people, whether Goths or Swedes, and whom they besieged and burnt to death in his palace, ended the divine race of the Ynglings. Which of these kings it was—whether Odin, or one of his immediate successors—that forced his government and religion on the Danes, and, to a certain extent, on the Norwegians, would

be as absurd an inquiry as one into the actions of the early Heraclidean dynasty. Such matters must for ever remain hidden in the dark night of the past. Even of the second dynasty, founded by Ivar Widfamme, we know nothing of the early kings, save from broken fragments of legendary song. It is only when Christianity visits Sweden, in company with its first apostle, St. Anskar, that this darkness begins to disperse. From Edmund and Biörn of the Hill, A.D. 829, there is less difficulty as to the succession and chronology of the kings, though we may justly doubt whether the regal lists of the Goths and Swedes have not sometimes been confounded. At this period only, does the history, properly speaking, commence, though it would be the extreme of rashness to reject all that precedes, notwithstanding the preponderance of legendary over authentic matter.

The brevity with which Professor Geijer alludes to the ancient mythology of Scandinavia shows either, that he is no great admirer of the elaborate system which Finn Magnussen and others have raised on that popular creed, or that he considers all extended inquiry as a waste of time. He admits, indeed, that it is an "exponent of the views embraced by a great and noble race of men in their first contemplations of the universe;" and he elsewhere observes:—

"In esoteric force, in depth and significance, it is inferior to no theory of human origin on the beginning and end of things which found acceptance in the world of antiquity. To some of these the present approximates, for such systems have generally much that is common, but on no one is originality of character more clearly stamped. Those who are acquainted with the oriental mythology can hardly doubt that this lore was derived from the east; nor can we fail to observe that the adoration of nature, which it expresses, agrees with that ascribed by Tacitus to the ancient Germans. Here, as with them, this nature-worship is peculiar in its kind, penetrating with prophetic vision into the inner mystery of the perishableness of this sensible world. Hence that notion of immortality so deeply rooted in the minds of our forefathers, which the Greeks and Romans ascribed equally to all the northern races "happy in their error," as a Roman poet professed to think. Without doubt, the most recondite and essential feature of this creed was its defiance of annihilation, even in the worship of a transitory universe, and of gods whose reign was not to be eternal. Thus is explained the freedom asserted by the inhabitant of the north, even towards his deities, and that principle of tragic irony which pervades this whole mythical scheme. That gloom and terror which lies at the core of every form of heathenism, even when concealed, as with the Greeks, under a blooming exterior, in the north stalks forward undisguised, and breaks out everywhere, in its heroic poetry as well as its divine. As this concludes with the ruin of the gods, in conflict with the insurgent powers of universal nature, so does that celebrate in all its manifold shapes but one master theme—the deeds, the crimes, and the fall of famous chiefs, and kingly dynasties."

From this theory of the personification of natural powers we dissent. We cannot believe that rude and savage barbarians could possibly invent a philosophical system of religion and worship; that the gods of the north were mere abstractions. Those gods were mortal men, whom subsequent ages deified, and were held to be altogether distinct from the universe of which they were now become the rulers. In no sense were they considered as co-operators in the work of creation; for the universe was regarded in the earliest myths as the production of very different causes. And here we find the strongest evidence in favour of the union of two or three distinct religious creeds—the hero worship of the Suiones being amalgamated with the demon worship of an earlier race—probably the Finnish or Jutish. But, as

oldest son born in wedlock, who also inherited the patriarchal and sacerdotal privileges; yet any other kind of property might be inherited by the illegitimate conjointly with the younger legitimate children. But probably most of the illegitimate infants were put to death immediately after their birth. All the new-born babes were laid on the ground at the father's feet; and if he raised them they lived. This custom was general among all the German tribes, and also among the Huns. It was, and is, indeed, more general than might be supposed—it is practised by several Mohammedan people, by the Chinese, by the American Indians, and by the savages of the Australasian islands.

To protect themselves against the arbitrary violence of their martial rulers, and of those who commanded large bodies of domestic retainers—the free cultivators chose lagmen (law-men) as their representatives in the provincial Tings. These lagmen—peasants like their constituents—stood at the head of the class when the Ting was assembled, and had the chief voice in that assembly: there, too, they expounded the law, in conjunction with the most discreet and aged of the people. Even in the regal Tings, where the king presided, they were the bold advocates of the popular rights:—

"The odalbonders, or free-born yeomen, composed the body of the nation, or more correctly of the different nations, for the inhabitants of the various provinces became dissociated from each other by distinct codes of laws, administered in each by its own judiciary. There were besides unfree persons and slaves, for the most part captives in war; these were beyond the pale of the law and the land's right, and dependent on the good pleasure of their masters. This might raise them to wealth and power: and we find the slave Tunne, treasurer to king Aun the Aged in Sweden, powerful enough to rise against his son and successor; but they could neither contract legitimate marriages, nor in general acquire property, although their condition was tolerable under a good master. It is related of Erling, a Norwegian herse, that he had prescribed to his slaves a fixed day's work, after the completion of which they were allowed to labour in the evening on their own account till they had earned their ransom, and there were few who did not redeem themselves within three years. With the price of their liberty Erling purchased other slaves; his freedmen he employed in the herring fishery and the like gainful labour, or permitted to build cots and settle in the forest."

The arts of life among the Swedes were rude. They seem, indeed, to have excelled in nothing but the manufacture of arms; and it may be doubted whether for the most of these they were not indebted to their slaves, or to the tributary Finns and Lapps. Of their agriculture, we can learn only that they raised crops of oats, barley, and rye, while wheat was imported. In their architecture there was little to admire:

"The houses and likewise the temples were for the most part of wood, surrounded by a palisade or fence. In the dwellings of the principal men there were upper chambers under the roof, corresponding to the sleeping-rooms to the houses of the country people in modern times. It was from such an apartment that king Fiolner fell into the vat of mead. The more indigent were sometimes reduced to live in caves. In the houses the floor was of earth, covered on solemn occasions with straw; the fire burned in the middle of the room, and smoke obtained vent through an aperture called the wind-eye (vindögat) in the roof or wall. By the walls stood long benches with tables before them; on the inner side of these the guests sat, and drank to each other across the chamber, the beer being sent over the fire. The king and queen sat on the chair of state in the midmost place of the bench which was turned towards the sun. On the bench over against them was placed the principal guest; men and women sat in pairs and drank with one another. This was the manner of peace; but the usage of the Vikings, on the other hand, was to exclude women from the drinking parties."

Some modern historians of the north are diffuse enough on the hospitality and other virtues of their ancestors, but remarkably brief on their vices. Of their cruelty we have sufficient evidence in the chronicles of France and England, and indeed of every country whither their maritime devastations extended. The slave trade, no less than plunder, was one of their leading objects, far more so than legitimate commerce. Their exposition of new-born infants, and even their human sacrifices, were common with other pagan nations; but not to so great an extent. Our Saxon ancestors, alas! were sometimes guilty of immolating captives to their bloody deities, just as the Druids were before them; but we nowhere read that they sacrificed their own sons and daughters, as did the pagans of the north. At Upsala, no great annual sacrifice seems to have been complete without human victims. At one time a great number were seen hanging in the great temple there.

After so long and so absolute a sway, the Odinic worship, as may be readily supposed, has left behind it many vestiges which are visible at the present day:—

"After a thousand years which have passed away since the first preaching of Christianity in Sweden, Odin is yet remembered in the popular creed, although only as an evil spirit. 'Go to Odin,' is a curse which is sometimes heard; and the miser who hoards treasure is said to be serving Odin. When unknown noises are heard in the night, as of waggons, Odin, it is said, passes by. Of his hunt and his horses there are stories current in several provinces—for example in Upland, in Smaland, so rich in recollections of the heathen time, and also in Scania and Bleking, where it was usual among the peasants when reaping to leave a sheaf behind them in the field for Odin's steeds. Of Odin, Thor, and his battles with the giants, legends resembling the myths of the Edda have been transcribed from the recital of the Smalanders. The thunder is termed by the Swedes Thor's din; hills, fountains and groves, or other spots named after Thor, Odin, and Frey, are met with in every quarter of the land, and a plant, of which the Edda says that it is light as Balder's eye-brow, is still called in Scania Balder's brow."

To such harmless relics of the olden time, we have no great objection. They are certainly not peculiar to Sweden. Ireland, the Highlands, Wales, and even some parts of England, still exhibit them; though in all these places they are much fewer and much less striking than are to be found in the forests of Esthonia, or the west of France, or in the valleys of the Pyrenees. Yet how insignificant are even they compared with the traditions of the Faroe Islands! Rather more than twenty years ago, Lyngbye (of Randers in North Jutland) collected and published some of the Faroe songs, chiefly relating to "Sigurd Fofnissbane, and his race:" a hero half fabulous half historic, by one writer called the father of Ragnar Lodbroc. The substance of them, or, at least, of many, is to be found in Jornandes, in Saxo, in the Eddas, and in the traditional lore collected by other writers. They are curious, and deserving of translation into English.

With the pagan times we conclude the present notice.

Arrah Neil; or, Times of Old. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. Smith, Elder & Co. Two of the epithets applied by Lord Byron to Mr. Edgeworth, are no less appropriate to Mr. James. If ever there walked on earth a romancer "brisk and endless," he is the man:—and, we may add—however busy, however prolix—always the gentleman. The even merit of his creations amounts to a phenomenon. No part seems neglected—no detail or description hurried; and there are very few of his fictions, in which the interest of story will not

carry the reader easily onward to the close. This 'Arrah Neil,' for instance,—Mr. James's forty-fifth fiction or thereabouts,—exhibits no sign of failing powers. It is a tale of the times of the Royalist and Roundhead war—and by no means the least vigorous of the thousand. The author wisely steers clear of the great personages of history:—the broad outlines of Puritan and Cavalier offering him sufficient contrast—and the skirmishes, burnings, family intrigues, knaveries and persecutions of our Civil Wars, contenting his ambition. Arrah Neil, a sort of foundling, whom vicissitude and hard fortune have bewildered into a plaintive sadness, makes a good heroine. In place of the Huntingdon Brewer's son, on whom so many writers have been pleased to try their 'prentice hands, undismayed by even Scott's failure, Mr. *Hypocrite Dry*, of Long-Soaken, who persecutes the maiden for his own purposes, serves for intriguer and villain if ordinary—while the Cavalier heroes, Lord Walton and the Earl of Beverley, are none the less love-worthy as Paladins—because they ride about to fight for their King, and to deliver distressed innocence, unencumbered by the accoutrements of historical association. We have, besides, an old loyalist, Lady Margaret, whose hall is somewhat more stately than her prototype's castle of Tilletudlem, though it is doomed to share the same fate of "sack and scorn":—and, among the secondary characters, one Captain Barecote, who is a *Bobadil* in words, but a brave man in deeds; and enacts prodigies. Neither is he a bad hand at a legend: and in these long November evenings the reader may be pleased to "have him to the hearth," while he listens to a soldier's story:—

"There is a little town called Le Catelet, just upon the French frontier, which was besieged by the Spanish army, after the French had taken it and held it for about a year. The attack began in the winter, and a number of honourable gentlemen threw themselves into it, to aid in the defence as volunteers. Amongst the rest were two friends who had fought in a good many battles together, and one was called the Viscount de Boulaye, and the other the Capitaine la Vacherie. Every day there were skirmishes and sallies, and one night when they were sitting drinking and talking together, after a very murderous sortie, Capitaine la Vacherie said to his friend:—'How cold those poor fellows must be whom we left dead in the trenches to-day!' 'Ay, that they must,' said Boulaye; 'and 'pon my life, La Vacherie, I am glad the place is so full that you and I have but one room and one bed between us, otherwise I know not how we should keep ourselves warm.' 'Nor I either,' replied La Vacherie.—'Mind, Boulaye, if I am some day left in the trenches, you come and look for me, and bring me out of the cold wind.' He spoke laughing, and the viscount answered in the same way.—'That I will, La Vacherie; don't you be afraid.' Well, about a fortnight after, the Spaniards attempted to storm the place; but they were driven back, after fighting for near an hour, and Boulaye and La Vacherie, with the regiment of Champagne, pursued them to their entrenchments. Boulaye got back, safe and sound, to the town just as it was growing dark, and went to the governor's house and talked for an hour over the assault, and then returned to his room, and asked his servant if Capitaine la Vacherie had come back. The man answered, no; and so Boulaye swore that he would be hanged if he would wait for his supper. When supper came and La Vacherie did not, the viscount began to think 'I should not wonder if that poor devil, La Vacherie, had left his bones outside;' and after he had eaten two or three mouthfuls, and drunk a glass or two of wine, he sent the servant to the quarters of the regiment of Champagne, to see if he could hear anything of his friend. But the servant could find no one who knew anything of him; and when he came back, he found the viscount sitting with the table and the wine upon his right hand, and his feet upon the two andirons, with a warm fire of wood blazing away before him. When he told him that he could learn nothing, Boulaye exclaimed.—'Sacrement! I dare

say he is killed—poor fellow, I am very sorry; and he filled himself another glass of wine, and kept his foot on the andirons. In about half an hour more he went to bed, and just as he was getting comfortable and beginning to doze, seeing the fire flickering against the wall one minute and not seeing it the next, he heard a step upon the stairs, and instantly recollected La Vacherie's, who came up singing and talking just as usual. 'Ah!' cried he, 'La Vacherie, is that you? I thought you had been killed!' 'The deuce you did, Boulaye,' replied La Vacherie, and he began to move about the bottles and glasses as if he were feeling for a candle, to light it. 'Well, don't make a noise, there's a good man,' said Boulaye, 'for I am tired, and have a good deal to do to-morrow.' 'I'm sure so have I,' replied La Vacherie, 'so I'll go to bed at once.' 'Had you not better have some supper?' asked the viscount. 'No,' replied his friend, 'I've had all the supper I want; and accordingly he pulled off his clothes and lay down beside his comrade. By that time the viscount was asleep, so that they had no further conversation that night. The next morning, when Viscount de Boulaye woke, he found that La Vacherie had already risen, and left his nightcap upon the pillow, and he did not see him again till night, for the enemy made several fierce attacks, and all the troops of the garrison were busy till sunset. Well, the viscount supped alone that night as before, and just as he got into bed, he heard La Vacherie's step again, and again he came in, and again he would eat no supper, but went to bed as before. The viscount, however, did not sleep so easily this night, for he thought there was something odd about his friend. So after lying for about half an hour, he said, 'La Vacherie, are you asleep?' 'Not yet,' replied La Vacherie; 'but I soon shall be.' 'Well, I want to ask you something,' said Boulaye, turning himself sharp round, and as he did so, his hand came against La Vacherie's. It was like a bit of ice! 'Why, how cold you are!' cried the viscount. 'And how can you expect me to be otherwise,' replied La Vacherie, in a terrible voice, 'when you left me out there in the trenches through two long January nights!' and that moment he jumped out of bed, threw open the window, and went off. His body was found next morning where he had been killed two days before."

Further to unthread the mazes of 'Arrah Neil' would serve no one's turn. The book, as one link in a long chain, is remarkable; and, if considered apart, worthy of welcome.

Royal Dictionary, English and French and French and English; compiled from the Dictionaries of Johnson, Todd, Ash, Webster, and Crabb, from the last editions of Chambaud, Garner, and Descarrières, the Sixth Edition of the Academy, the Complément to the Academy, from Laveaux, Boiste, &c. By Professors Fleming and Tibbins. 2 vols. 4to. Paris and London, Firmin Didot, Frères.

A New and Complete French and English and English and French Dictionary, on the basis of the Royal Dictionary. By J. Dobson. 1 vol. 8vo. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

The Royal Phraseological English-French, French-English Dictionary. By J. C. Tarver. Vol. I. English-French Part. Dulau & Co.

New Dictionary of the German and French Languages—[Nouveau Dictionnaire, &c.] By Dr. Schuster and M. Regnier. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, Hingray.

WITHIN little more than twenty years, great improvements have been introduced into many of the dictionaries of foreign languages used in England. Less, indeed, has been done for the Greek since the Bishop of London edited Hederic, than might have been expected; for though we are not blind to the labours of those who have given us the ponderous edition of 'Stephens's Greek Thesaurus,' we doubt if many of the additions are critical enough for the wants of the age. Nor have we lost sight of such books as Giles's Greek Lexicon for schools, or of Lexicons confined to the Greek Testament, or

to some particular writer, as Homer, Herodotus, Pindar, &c. But after every possible deduction for the merit of such books, it will not, we think, be denied by the candid portion of our countrymen, that, considering our reputation for Greek learning, we have been less zealous in this branch of general literature than might justly have been anticipated. In Latin we are less to be censured; for though we are indebted to foreigners for our improvements in this respect, yet it is surely something to have invested Faccioli and Forcellini in an English garb, and even to have condensed it, as Mr. Riddle has done, for the use of schools. In our own language, to omit all mention of Todd's labours, and the still higher merits of Mr. Richardson, we have a monument of learning and research in the work of Dr. Webster, which posterity must for ever admire, though (*proh pudor!*) the praise is due, not to any of our graduated students from the banks of the Isis or the Cam, but to an American—the humble citizen of a nation that has but just joined the race for the prizes of literature. In Spanish, too, we have to notice the valuable improvements of Seoane on Neuman and Baretti. But in Portuguese, Italian, and German, we find little to praise, so far as their modern vocabularies are connected with an English interpretation. Whether it be altogether creditable that our stock dictionaries should remain generation after generation comparatively unimproved, while those published in Paris, with a French interpretation, keep pace with the age, is a question that would give us little pleasure to answer. Every student knows that, if he would have anything like a good vocabulary of a modern language, he must employ the medium of the French.

Whatever imperfections might be allowed to exist in other dictionaries, it might be supposed that they would, as far as possible, be excluded from the French and English. The fact, however, is, that such dictionaries have been as little creditable as those of any other language. Chambaud by Descarrières was the best, or we should rather say the least bad, of the whole; for it contained many thousand words more than any of them; but though it appeared so far back as 1805, and numerous editions, "with additions and improvements," have been published from that time to the present, the book remains substantially what it was. "Some few changes," observe the French editors, "were made, but only such as would be effected by the aid of scissors and paste—undoubtedly a most expeditious process, though not calculated to contribute much to the accuracy of a work which, more than any other, ought to be the result of long and patient labour." Hence it is that though under the French words there are often a considerable number of examples intended to be illustrative of the meaning, many of them are the very reverse of illustrative; they confound what they should separate, and darken what they should enlighten. Besides, in cases innumerable, the English has been either obsolete, or so vulgar as to be banished from all but the lowest colloquial intercourse; whilst the proverbs and idiomatic phrases, however appropriate two centuries back, are sadly, often whimsically, out of place in the present age. Again, in the English-French part, while old words have been tenaciously retained, special care has been taken to close the door to the new words, and the new acceptations of words, which the progress of social wants has introduced. Above all, it has been determined to exclude words relating to science, to commerce, and the learned professions, as if they were too vulgar for the polite literature of the age. Hence no notice has been taken of the eighteen or twenty thousand words which Todd had added to Johnson,

no more than in times more recent has regard been paid to the vast additions made by Dr. Webster to Todd himself. If we add that the omissions in the French-English part are equally numerous and equally glaring, we shall have said enough to prove the necessity of such a work as the one at the head of our list.

Struck with the numerous imperfections and deficiencies to which we have adverted, the Didots determined to remove them. Their first intention was to improve and amplify Chambaud as left by Descarrières, but they soon found it necessary to enlarge their plan. Accordingly, in 1835 they instructed the two editors "to collate the Dictionary of the Academy (then just published, 1835), with the last edition of Chambaud; to introduce into the new dictionary all the words that use had sanctioned, and all the technical terms that the progress of the Arts and Sciences had rendered necessary; to point out to what particular style each word of the two languages properly belongs; to follow, with scrupulous fidelity, the definitions and examples given by the Academy, and to supply the English equivalents; to expel the multiplicity of English words, in the French part, which were most of them either unmeaning, obsolete, or barbarous; to retain those that approached nearest to the different acceptations of the French word; to submit the English part to a similar ordeal, under the authority of Johnson, Todd, and Dr. Webster, for the literary part, of Crabb's 'Technological Dictionary,' McCulloch's 'Commercial Dictionary,' and Dr. Ure's 'Chemical Dictionary,' &c., for the words belonging to architecture, commerce, manufactures, and chemistry; and, finally, to propound and resolve all the grammatical difficulties of both languages." After a labour of eight years the work at the head of our list was finished, and was herculean enough to justify the name given to it, 'The Royal Dictionary.' The editors, indeed, have done more than they were enjoined; and the result is incomparably the best dictionary of the two languages in existence. It is not perfect—for how could any work of equal extent be so? After all their diligence there are some words already, and more beginning to be, obsolete; while many phrases and proverbs might well have been omitted. We allude to the English-French part; and though the two professors may, for anything we know, be Englishmen, they seem in many passages to have lost sight of native purity. But these and other blemishes that we could indicate, detract very little from the value of the work, which fully warrants the praise we have given it. Indeed, we should hardly have alluded to them, did we not hope that in a second edition the editors or publishers will adopt measures to correct them.

The second book at the head of our list is confessedly founded on the preceding, with the addition, in their respective places, of a "very great number of terms in the natural sciences, chemistry, medicine, &c." It contains, indeed, an immense number of words—many, we think, that might have been omitted without injury to the book. And it has another imperfection, of far greater moment. As it does not contain one-seventh part of the letter-press in 'The Royal Dictionary,' it necessarily excludes the greater part of the idiomatical phrases and illustrations peculiar to both languages. It should have been compressed into two volumes instead of one. As it is, however, it is superior to the stock books of our publishers; and, withal, so cheap, that it may be safely recommended to school-boys and students who cannot afford to purchase the larger work.

The third book in our list is entirely sui generis. Of the nature of its design some idea may be formed by those who have ever bene-

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ited by the author's 'Dictionnaire des Verbes Français.' The object of that useful publication was to exhibit not only the idioms of the language as connected with the verbs, but the grammatical construction, and especially the regimen, of all the verbs. It clearly indicated the cases, whether genitive, dative, or accusative, demanded by them; what preposition (if any) was required before the next infinitive; and what verbs required to be followed by others in the subjunctive. To school-boys and private students, therefore, beginning to write in French, the volume was found of great use. What M. Tarver then effected for the verbs only, he has now attempted for all the parts of speech, not merely in the French, but in the English also. His object is "to produce a complete phraseological and grammatical dictionary, English-French, French-English." The part before us consists only of "the English-French," which contains the French equivalents of the English words; but no doubt it will soon be followed by the latter part—the French-English, or the English equivalents for the French words. In the mean time, this volume must be of great service to all students who aim at translating English with anything like an approximation to the elegance of the French.

That the French and German dictionary named above is not without merit, might fairly be assumed from its adoption by the Royal Council of the University of Paris. An inspection of some of the articles has convinced us that the preference is deserved. Its plan may be briefly described.—1. In the definition of the words, the German editor, Dr. Schuster (the French part is under the responsibility of M. Regnier) gives first the radical and primitive sense, or that most conformable with the etymology, and he then passes, by careful degrees, to the acceptations which depend rather on analogy than on the original import. 2. He distinguishes the words which are Germanic by origin from those which are foreign, and the compounded from the simple. 3. For the satisfaction of foreign students, not only are the genitive singular and the nominative plural given with most nouns, but all the tenses of the irregular verbs are to be found in their alphabetical order. These are certainly great advantages to the mere tyro; and we know not that the latter is to be found in any other German dictionary—all that we have seen being satisfied with giving us the infinitive only. 4. The number of technological words, and of those relating to the sciences, is far greater than we have found in any other vocabulary. In all these respects it is well deserving of our commendation. Within the limits, we hardly know a lexicographical work which is at once so comprehensive and so critical. Heartily do we wish that, with some alterations and additions, it were translated into English for the benefit of our own countrymen acquiring German. The affinities between our speech, whether written or colloquial, and the German are striking, the genius of the two languages kindred, while the differences between the French and the latter are irreconcilable. Every year the literature of Europe assumes more of a family character: the intercommunication of ideas is more and more frequent; and there is surely wisdom in rendering the vehicles of those ideas as easy and pleasant as possible.

The Lost Senses.—Deafness. By J. Kitto, D.D. Knight.

An interesting work; particularly as the facts it relates are personal evidence; Dr. Kitto having passed three-fourths of his life in a state of intense deafness—a life both studious and eventful, and calculated so far "to bring

out the points and peculiarities of the deaf condition." His deafness commenced in his twelfth year.

"The circumstances of that day—the last of twelve years of hearing, and the first of twenty-eight years of deafness, have left a more distinct impression upon my mind than those of any previous, or almost any subsequent, day of my life. It was a day to be remembered. The last day on which any customary labour ceases,—the last day on which any customary privilege is enjoyed,—the last day on which we do the things we have done daily, are always marked days in the calendar of life; how much, therefore, must the mind not linger in the memories of a day which was the last of many blessed things, and in which one stroke of action and suffering,—one moment of time, wrought a greater change of condition, than any sudden loss of wealth or honours ever made in the state of man. Wealth may be recovered, and new honours won, or happiness may be secured without them; but there is no recovery, no adequate compensation, for such a loss as was on that day sustained. The wealth of sweet and pleasurable sounds with which the Almighty has filled the world,—of sounds modulated by affection, sympathy, and earnestness,—can be appreciated only by one who has so long been thus poor indeed in the want of them, and who for so many weary years has sat in utter silence amid the busy hum of populous cities, the music of the woods and mountains, and more than all, of the voices sweeter than music, which are in the winter season heard around the domestic hearth. On the day in question my father and another man, attended by myself, were engaged in new slating the roof of a house, the ladder ascending to which was fixed in a small court paved with flag stones. The access to this court from the street was by a paved passage, through which ran a gutter, whereby waste water was conducted from the yard into the street. * * In one of the apartments of the house in which we were at work, a young sailor, of whom I had some knowledge, had died after a lingering illness, which had been attended with circumstances which the doctors could not well understand. It was, therefore, concluded that the body should be opened to ascertain the cause of death. I knew this was to be done, but not the time appointed for the operation. But on passing from the street into the yard, with a load of slates which I was to take to the house-top, my attention was drawn to a stream of blood, or rather, I suppose, bloody water, flowing through the gutter by which the passage was traversed. The idea that this was the blood of the dead youth, whom I had so lately seen alive, and that the doctors were then at work cutting him up and groping at his inside, made me shudder, and gave what I should now call a shock to my nerves, although I was very innocent of all knowledge about nerves at that time. I cannot but think it was owing to this that I lost much of the presence of mind and collectedness so important to me at that moment; for when I had ascended to the top of the ladder, and was in the critical act of stepping from it on to the roof, I lost my footing, and fell backward, from a height of about thirty-five feet, into the paved court below. Of what followed I know nothing: and as this is the record of my own sensations, I can here report nothing but that which I myself know. For one moment, indeed, I awoke from that death-like state, and then found that my father, attended by a crowd of people, was bearing me homeward in his arms: but I had then no recollection of what had happened, and at once relapsed into a state of unconsciousness. In this state I remained for a fortnight, as I afterwards learned."

The first discovery of his deafness, on a bed of sickness, is graphically told:—

"I was very slow in learning that my hearing was entirely gone. The unusual stillness of all things was grateful to me in my utter exhaustion; and if in this half-awakened state, a thought of the matter entered my mind, I ascribed it to the unusual care and success of my friends in preserving silence around me. I saw them talking indeed to one another, and thought that, out of regard to my feeble condition, they spoke in whispers, because I

heard them not. The truth was revealed to me in consequence of my solicitude about the book which had so much interested me in the day of my fall. It had, it seems, been reclaimed by the good old man who had sent it to me, and who doubtless concluded, that I should have no more need of books in this life. He was wrong; for there has been nothing in this life which I have needed more. I asked for this book with much earnestness, and was answered by signs which I could not comprehend. 'Why do you not speak?' I cried; 'Pray let me have the book.' This seemed to create some confusion; and at length some one, more clever than the rest, hit upon the happy expedient of writing upon a slate, that the book had been reclaimed by the owner, and that I could not in my weak state be allowed to read. 'But,' I said in great astonishment, 'Why do you write to me, why not speak? Speak, speak.' Those who stood around the bed exchanged significant looks of concern, and the writer soon displayed upon his slate the awful words—'YOU ARE DEAF.'

Fortunately, even thus early, Dr. Kitto had contracted a habit of reading 'Kirby's Wonderful Magazine' on week-days, and the Bible on Sundays. At length, from want of other resources, the Bible was read every day. At last arrived the period when the world of modern literature was opened to him: poems, novels, histories, magazines, metaphysical books; after which, his mind returned to his first theological bias. According to Dr. Kitto's experience, deafness affects the speech, and his own articulation was at once modified by it, so that his voice began, and still continues, to resemble that of the born deaf and dumb who has been taught to speak. Speaking, indeed, was painful, and he for some years preferred writing as the medium of intercourse, a habit which it was difficult to relinquish. After re-using his voice, his articulation gradually improved, but his conversation is naturally conceived in the language of books, and his vocabulary, for the most part, consists of words he had never heard pronounced; such words as were acquired previous to his accident retaining their provincial accent, and the others, being pronounced as they are spelled, not spoken. Of colloquial idioms and contractions he finds himself incapable:—

"Indeed, (he says) I seem to have had a singular reluctance to use any but the substantial words of the language, and my practical vocabulary was and is singularly void of all expletives and adjuncts, of all complimentary phrases, and even of terms of endearment. I was touchingly reminded of the last characteristic a short time since, when one of my little boys suddenly quitted my study, and hastened to tell his mother that I had for the first time in his life called him 'Dear.' This disposition to confine myself to the words essentially necessary to convey my meaning—the dry hard words without the flowers and derivative adjuncts which custom had made to represent the amenities of social intercourse, must perhaps give an air of rigidity and harshness to my spoken language, which prevents it from being, I trust, a faithful representative of my feelings or character. The conventional talk, which stands in the place of intercourse with those to whom one has nothing real to say, I never could manage, and have preferred to be altogether silent than to resort to it. I could never, by the utmost stretch of violence upon my acquired disposition, bring myself to express much solicitude about the health of those whom I saw to be perfectly well; or to exchange or make remarks upon the weather, and say—'It is very warm'—'It is a foggy morning'—'It is very cold'—'It threatens to rain'—to those who must be as fully aware of the facts as myself. In like manner I have abstained from the common salutations of casual intercourse. 'Good bye,' 'Good morning,' &c., I could never get out. A silent shake of the head, a nod, a bow, or a movement of the lips, intended to represent all these things, is all I have been able to manage. Such phrases of civility as

* Thank you,' 'If you please,' &c., have also been absent from my vocabulary; not from any disinclination, but because I supposed that having said all that was really essential, all these expressions of civility would be understood: and that, from my manner, it would be taken for granted that I felt all they were designed to express. That I am not in the way of hearing the interchange of such expressions, may in a great degree account for my neglect of them: for in matters of this kind it is not enough to know that they exist, but one must find them illustrated in daily and familiar use, to be kept in remembrance of them, and to become aware of their importance, as the small change of society, which one should always have at hand for current use."

To his own sensations he seems always to speak "in a loud whisper;" to others it is so loud as to be heard at an unusual distance, but only to be understood by those who are near. He gives amusing instances. Also, though he does not hear, he readily distinguishes one voice from another, a peculiarity, probably, based on his experience in the days of his hearing. His frame is peculiarly susceptible to concussions: some singular phenomena are connected with this state; one is, that by touching a piano he becomes susceptible of musical impressions. He had expected some compensation in an increased sense of sight, but has been disappointed, except so far as he is preternaturally eager for visual gratification:—

"It has, I believe, in the first place, developed a sense of the beautiful in nature and art, and a love for it—a passionate love—which has been to me a source of my most deep and pleasurable emotions. This I attribute to my deafness. It seems to me that, under ordinary circumstances, this feeling is, in a great degree, the result of cultivation received, at least in the rudiments, through the ear. For this cultivation, formal instruction is not needed, but it is, as I apprehend, imbibed insensibly, in the course of years, from the admiring observations of friends in the presence of beautiful objects. If such observations only suggest in the slightest way what objects are beautiful, and why they are so, this is instruction; for they set the mind to work in the right direction, and indicate the principles which are applicable to all the objects of this sentiment. Now anything like this instruction I have never had, even to this day. It is not to be acquired from books, and must be conveyed, so far as it is instruction, in the oral intercourse with friends. Such friends need not, I apprehend, be much more cultivated, or much wiser than ourselves. The spark is kindled by the action of two minds. It exists neither in the flint nor in the steel, but is produced by the action of the one upon the other; or if it be latent in both, is only by that action manifested. Peter thinks in his soul that such an object is very beautiful, and this is as an instinct; but while he is thinking thus within himself, John remarks that it is beautiful—that is the spark. There is not much of instruction, commonly so called, in the remark; but there is in it much of that instruction which schools do not know and cannot teach. Peter and John have both the assurance of two minds that the object is really beautiful; whereas, without that assurance, it could not have been to either more than an impression which might be erroneous. But it is now an established fact, and one which by analysis and comparison may become the guide to a hundred other facts. It is a thing to be reasoned upon. We ask ourselves, why this object is beautiful? and we infer that if A be beautiful, then B, C, and D, which have certain qualities common to A, must be beautiful also. Now, this kind of instruction I have altogether wanted. Before or after my deafness, I never had any one to say to me, 'This is beautiful.' My tastes, therefore, must be 'much of the nature of instincts. They began to manifest themselves soon after my downfall, in a rapidly increasing admiration and love of whatever gratified the eye, and a more intense abomination of whatever displeased it. I think that at first, this taste was nearly as general as the terms in which I have described it; but it soon

became more discriminating in the objects of admiration, although not in those of disgust, which were evaded as far as possible, *en masse*, as things not to be studied or discriminated, but to be cast out of mind and out of view. * * * I am almost afraid to say anything about the moon. Yet in pursuing this subject, necessity is laid upon me to confess, that I have been moon-struck in my time. I must not refuse to acknowledge that when I have beheld the moon, 'walking in brightness,' my heart has been 'secretly enticed' into feelings having perhaps a nearer approach to the old idolatries than I should like to ascertain. It is proper to mention this here, because I am strongly persuaded that my intense and almost agonizing enjoyment of this crowning glory of the material universe, is owing in a great degree to the great force with which, by the privation of hearing, my soul was thrown exclusively upon its visual perceptions. And I mention this first, because, at this distant day, I have no recollection of earlier emotions connected with the beautiful, than those of which the moon was the object. How often, some two or three years after my affliction, did I not wander forth upon the hills, for no other purpose in the world than to enjoy and feed upon the emotions connected with the sense of the beautiful in nature. * * * After this, I do not know that any single class of objects in nature has acted so strongly upon my sense of the beautiful—or perhaps I should say of the sublime,—as mountains. For to me

'High mountains were a feeling,'

from the time that I first gazed upon the glory of the Grenada mountains, as the sun cast his setting beams upon their tops, to that in which I caught the Titanic shadow of Etna in the horizon, or spent my days among the glories of the Caucasus, or wondered at the cloudy ring of Demavend, or mused day by day upon the dread magnificence of Ararat. An exquisitely keen perception of the beautiful in trees, was of somewhat later development, as my native place, which I did not quit till I was about twenty years of age, being by the seaside, was not favourable to the growth of oaks, and had nothing to boast of beyond a few rows of good elms. But, afterwards, the magnificent oaks and other trees of the interior, called into full activity that perception of beauty in trees which afterwards ministered greatly to my enjoyment as I travelled among the endless fir woods of northern Europe, and the magnificent plane trees of Media, and dwelt amidst the splendid palm groves of the Tigris. Since then I have seldom enjoyed serenity of mind in any house from which a view of some tree or trees could not be commanded. Even in the environs of London—which are really beautifully wooded, whatever country folks may think to the contrary—I have managed to secure this object: and in my present country retreat, in a well-wooded district, and within reach of many fine old trees, my heart is fully satisfied. In all cases, my study has been chosen more with reference to this taste than to any other circumstance. In any house which it has been my lot to occupy, I have not sought or cared for the room that might be in itself the most convenient, but the one from the window of which my view might with the least effort rest upon trees, whenever the eyes were raised from the book I read or from the paper on which I wrote. In all cases even the stillness of a tree has been pleasing to me; and the life of a tree—the waving of its body in the wind, or the vibration of its leaves and branchlets in the breeze—has been a positive enjoyment, a gentle excitement, under which I could have rested for hours. This strong feeling has enabled me to understand, better than I otherwise might, the curious and often beautiful superstitions and idolatries which were associated with trees in the ancient times; and I have understood better than Ælian, the class of associations which may have induced the Persian king to present the glorious plane near Sardis with costly gifts, and to deck it with the ornaments of a bride. It is by this keen perception of the seducements of grove-worship, that one is able to understand and illustrate the many cautions against it which the Holy Scriptures contain. Under the influence of such impressions, I find it very difficult by any effort of reason to control the regret and indignation with which I regard the

destruction of a tree, especially if it be one of which I had any previous knowledge. To destroy that which has seen many generations of men pass by, and is still beautiful and strong, and which might still outlive many more generations, is an awful act. The tree seems to have stood among, and to have witnessed, the ever-changing panorama of human life; and we know that it has in itself been an object of notice, and has ministered some pleasure in past ages, to eyes long quenched in dust. I confess that under these views the slaughtering of a tree affects me more sensibly than that of an animal, whose years can be but few at the best. * * * Even those who may be disposed to doubt that I owe to my deafness that exquisite enjoyment of the beautiful in nature which I have indicated, will be ready to admit that my enjoyment from pictures may be referred to this source. I have no doubt on the point: for even admitting that a mind naturally active, must have taken some decided turn or other, even had deafness not been superinduced, it was, in this respect of taste, quite as likely that I should have sought my enjoyment in pictures as in books. The food which was first found for the growing pictorial appetite imposed upon me, by the circumstances which made it one of the necessities of my condition to seek gratification for the eye, was of a very humble description. Excepting an occasional painting in the window of the sole picture-frame maker, and a few smirking portraits in the windows of the portrait and miniature painters, my only resource was in the prints, plain and coloured, and in the book-plates, displayed in the windows of the stationers and booksellers. These were seldom changed, and often not until, by frequent inspection, I had learned every print in every window by heart: so that it was quite a relief to see one of the windows cleared out for a scouring or a fresh coat of paint. Daily did I go to watch the progress of the operation, awaiting with anxious expectation, the luxury of that fortunate day in which the window should display all its glory of new prints and frontispieces. In my own town, the windows of the shops lay within such narrow limits, that it was easy to devour them all at one operation. A neighbouring town, two miles off, had its book and print shops more dispersed: and this I divided into districts, which were visited periodically, for the purpose of exploring the windows in each, carefully and with leisurely enjoyment, at each visit. Here, I had often the inexpressible satisfaction of finding that a window had been completely changed since I saw it last, which could not happen in my own town, where a leaf could not flutter in any window without my cognizance. Coloured prints were much in vogue in those days; more so I apprehend than at present, when we seldom think of giving colour to any superior kinds of engraving. Even caricatures, which then blazed forth with red, blue, and yellow, now produce their effects in simple black and white. The earlier practice was more satisfactory to one who merely sought pleasure for the eye, and to whom the degree of instruction which eventually results from such constant inspection and comparison of engravings, was entirely an accident. Colour is certainly a source of great pleasure to the eye, and although I have in later years risen above dependence upon it, and can obtain much enjoyment from uncoloured prints, I retain a general partiality for colour, and would like to see it employed in many ways wherein our purists would reject its assistance. For instance, after having been accustomed to the cheerful colours of Oriental attire, I have little patience—albeit I wear black myself,—with the sombre hues of modern European male costume, which seems to me one of the austere barbarities of over refinement. I may live to see the revival of a better taste; and meanwhile it is not one of the least of the obligations we owe to womankind, that they, in their own persons, have afforded no countenance to this innovation, but have consented still to enliven, by pleasant colours in their raiment, the heavy atmosphere in which we dwell."

Of the manner in which Dr. Kitto got over the disqualifications which are consequent on deafness, he gives an interesting narrative, and

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of the sort of difficulties which a deaf man has to contend with, especially in travelling, some amusing instances:—

"With all this help from signs, however, travel is to a deaf man not without its dangers and difficulties. I cannot better show this than by exhibiting the incidents of one day, which all bear more or less upon this subject. I was staying at the village of Orta Khoi on the Bosphorus, about six miles above Constantinople, of which it is one of the suburbs, and was in the frequent habit of going down to the city and returning by water. One morning on which I had determined to go, it threatened to rain; but I took my umbrella and departed. On arriving at the beach, it appeared that all the boats were gone, and there was no alternative but to abandon my intention, or to proceed on foot along a road which manifestly led in the right direction, at the back of the buildings and yards which line the Bosphorus. I had not proceeded far before it began to rain, and I put up my umbrella and trudged on, followed, at some distance behind, by an old Turk in the same predicament with myself: for it should be observed, that at and about Constantinople the people are so much in the habit of relying upon water conveyance, that there is less use of horses than in any Eastern town with which I am acquainted. Nothing occurred till I arrived at the back of the handsome country palace of Dolma Bakche, the front of which had often engaged my attention in passing up and down by water. Here the sentinel at the gate motioned to me in a very peculiar manner, which I could not comprehend. He had probably called previously, and in vain. Finding that I heeded him not, he was hastening towards me in a very violent manner, with his fixed bayonet pointed direct at my body, when the good-natured Turk behind me, who had by this time come up, assailed me very unceremoniously from behind, by pulling down my umbrella. After some words to the sentinel, I was suffered to pass on under his protection, till we had passed the precincts of the imperial residence, where he put up his own umbrella, and motioned me to do the same. By this act, and by the signs which he had used in explanation of this strange affair, I clearly understood that it was all on account of the umbrella. This article, so useful and common in rainy climates, is an ensign of royalty in the East; and although the use of it for common purposes has crept in at Constantinople, the sovereign is supposed to be ignorant of the fact, and it may not on any account be displayed in his presence, or in passing any of the royal residences. That day I was detained in Pera longer than I expected; and darkness had set in by the time the wherry in which I returned reached Orta Khoi. After I had paid the fare, and was walking up the beach, the boatmen followed and endeavoured to impress something upon me, with much emphasis of manner, but without disrespect. My impression was that they wanted to exact more than their fare; and as I knew that I had given the right sum, I, with John Bullish hatred at imposition, buckled up my mind against giving one para more. Presently the contest between us brought over some Nizam soldiers from the guard-house, who took the same side with the boatmen; for when I attempted to make my way on, they refused to allow me to proceed. Here I was in a regular dilemma, and was beginning to suspect that there was something more than the fare in question; when a Turk, of apparently high authority, came up, and after a few words had been exchanged between him and the soldiers, I was suffered to proceed. As I went on, up the principal street of the village, I was greatly startled to perceive a heavy earthen vessel, which had fallen with great force from above, dashed in pieces on the pavement at my feet. Presently, such vessels descended, thick as hail, as I passed along, and were broken to shreds on every side of me. It is a marvel how I escaped having my brains dashed out; but I got off with only a smart blow between the shoulders. A rain of cats and dogs, is a thing of which we have some knowledge; but a rain of potters' vessels was very much beyond the limits of European experience. On reaching the hospitable roof which was then my shelter, I learned that

this was the night which the Armenians, by whom the place was chiefly inhabited, devoted to the expurgation of their houses from evil spirits, which act they accompanied or testified by throwing earthen vessels out of their windows, with certain cries which served as warnings to the passengers: but that the streets were notwithstanding still so dangerous that scarcely any one ventured out while the operation was in progress. From not hearing these cries, my danger was of course two-fold, and my escape seemed something more than remarkable: and I must confess that I was of the same opinion when the next morning disclosed the vast quantities of broken pottery with which the streets were strewn. It seems probable that the adventure on the beach had originated in the kind wish of the boatmen and soldiers to prevent me from exposing myself to this danger. But there was also a regulation preventing any one from being in the streets at night without a lantern: and the intention may possibly have been to enforce this observance, especially as a lantern would this night have been a safeguard to me, by apprising the pot-breakers of my presence in the street."

How great was the blessing connected with the early habit of reading! Out of this has grown all the Doctor's happiness and present prosperity. He was, however, "cradled into literature by wrong," the suffering of which revealed to him the secret of obtaining redress by writing, and thus proved that he was not so helpless as he had deemed. Reading and writing were twin powers which made the deaf of consequence: and it is to the credit of Dr. Kitto that his literary labours have been supported by their own intrinsic merits, and not by any statements of the author's case. He confesses, also, that deafness was less a disqualification for literature than any other pursuit; still the want of hearing is a great drawback to a mind in search of information, and which must, therefore, rather read books than men. On the whole, we commend with special affection this small volume; it abounds in instruction, and has an unique character which invests it with specific value.

Journey round the Chamber of Deputies. By a Slavonian.

[Third Notice.]

WE will now, as we promised, quote the writer's argument in favour of a free flight to greatness—warning our readers, however, that some parts of his picture, if they be not exaggerated, belong, at any rate, rather to the meridian of France than of England:—

These rapid elevations, these brilliant careers, these extraordinary promotions, shocked no one in the times of revolution or of war; but in calm and peaceful days they have excited jealousies and rivalries without number. Divers propositions have emanated from members of all parties, for the purpose of arresting the advancement of public functionaries, and partially or entirely excluding them from the Chamber. In the course of the last session, several members went so far as to propose the regulation in a fixed and permanent manner of the hierarchy of grades in all the public administrations, according to the rule of some of the absolute European states. * * The most striking example of such a hierarchy exists in Russia. * * Nowhere, perhaps, is the rule of seniority more strictly kept. The state is divided into fourteen classes; every subject, not a serf, is obliged to pass through the different grades of this hierarchy; and this system, rooted in the spirit of the nation, and perforce respected by the sovereign, is the sole guarantee possessed by the country against despotism. I remember that, at the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas, at Warsaw, that monarch, desiring to oblige the Grand-Duke Constantine, his brother, who had abdicated in his favour, wished to make the son of that prince a captain. The latter, however, was only sixth in order of seniority for that rank; and the emperor, to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of the other five, named all the six captains. Had he done otherwise, the five would have resigned their commissions. * * To grant the mean-

est favour, the emperor is obliged to have recourse to stratagem and subterfuge—continually swelling the ranks of the privileged bodies, and creating decorations which have no other object than the satisfying the exigencies of these functionaries, whose increasing number, with their rights of seniority, circumscribe his power within the narrowest limits. Thus, strange as it may seem, the autocrat cannot make such change in the *personnel* of his army—the great object of his solicitude and ambition—as can be made in France by any minister of war, the responsible agent of a constitutional government. Marshal Soult effects more reforms, gives away more commands, makes more promotions, and grants more rewards, in one year, than Nicholas in ten. Depriving a general or colonel of his command, in Russia, is an event which engrosses public opinion more largely than in France the dissolution of the Chambers. Such cases are, accordingly, very rare.

* * It is, consequently, in the class of functionaries—which constitutes a nation within the nation—that a Russian reforming sovereign would find invincible obstacles to his designs. The Emperor Alexander, who desired to endow his country with institutions more liberal and more in harmony with those of the other states of Europe, met with an opposition, from that cause, which compelled him to abandon his civilizing views. * * In France, on the other hand, how often have we seen men issue suddenly from the crowd, and rise, at one bound, to the highest honours attainable by a citizen! Let a man only succeed in attracting the general attention to himself—by the publication of a book, or the proposition of a principle, a theory, an idea of any kind favourably received by public opinion—and all the doors of the state open, at once, before him. Everywhere he is received, and listened to. * * By his mere intelligence, his proper merit, he becomes a member of that all-powerful aristocracy which is the only one acknowledged as lawful or respected in the country. You well know these oligarchs—high spirits—illustrious writers—renowned orators—friends or foes of the governing power, to which last the Government, nevertheless, offers its best places—happy if they condescend to accept even though they continue their opposition. And, in fact, would it be reasonable that a Cuvier, a Royer-Collard, an Arago, after having conferred honour on the country by their labours, should have to pass examinations and follow the ladder of the various employments, to arrive at being councillors of state? That aristocracy of intellect is the palladium of the liberties and civilization of the land. It forms neither a distinct class, nor a caste in the state;—has no hereditary or transmissible rights, no privileges—and can, at the worst, be dangerous only for some ridiculous pretension or exigence of the moment. Its members are the favourites of public opinion, for their hour; provisional petty caliphs—whose empire fluctuates with the tastes and caprices of the public—who are obliged to strive unceasingly to maintain themselves at the elevation which they have attained—and who, not unfrequently, survive their reputation, furnishing sad examples of the instability of human things. Leave room, then, for this adventurous aristocracy. Denounce, as loudly as you will, the intrigues of some, the meanness, the trickeries, the chicanery of others; warn the country to keep strict watch over all; but never take from a power of the kind the prospect of making continual irruptions into the ranks of your public functionaries. * * If ever the Administration of France should be boxed up in symmetrical frames, containing a prescribed dose of knowledge and experience—if time and age should, of themselves, be deemed sufficient to lead to its honours—the genius of the country, swathed round by forms and rules, would lose the use of those wings which bear it oftentimes far above their narrow bounds, and which no human foresight or calculation can confer.

But Genius, whether creeping up the official ladder, or expatiating in the upper air, has, our readers need not be informed, while cribbed and cabined in the flesh, its material wants; and for these provision is made at the Chamber of Deputies, as elsewhere. The regimen, however, is somewhat different at a French and an English Bellamy's:—

The tavern of the Chamber—for a tavern there

negative. These fungi are, no doubt, a secondary effect, the disease having its origin in a chemical change induced by the unusually moist condition of the season. There are some judicious remarks on the preservation of the "eyes" or buds, of even partially diseased tubers, for seed, which are worthy the consideration of every one engaged in the culture of the potato.

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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, November.

Your "Gossip" about the Marochetti Statue at Glasgow, has occasioned more gossip here, very pleasant and not unprofitable. Clear-sighted connoisseurs everywhere will coincide with the *Athenæum* in its catholic principles, as well as in the justice of its particular remarks. But party spirit distorts or destroys the mental vision of an amateur no less than a politician's—beyond all among our ultra-patriotic brethren, many of whom see a neglected Michaelangelo in every second stonemason at St. Mungo's, and would cry up the head stonemason after Phidias himself! Were not this the fact, such an outrage had scarcely been perpet-

rated upon Marochetti's Wellington, except among semi-barbarians; for utter savages would have, perhaps, like its partisans, adored it. The sculptor is, I believe, a native of Turin, and his talent resembles the town—humble enough itself, yet one of its outworks an approach to the sublime. His very noble group at the *Madeline* may be considered his *Superga*. He represents the sinfulness of saints, as Correggio did, with a characteristic luxuriousness of form and attitude that bespeaks her innate spirit rather castigated than conquered—her limbs all made for offices of love, her bosom full and its snows betokening no ice-house, her waist the reverse of withdrawn (unlike the *semi-reducta Venus*), her arms wide open to receive the celestial spouse she expects to fall into her embraces—altogether a most attractive figure, though, I think, without being myself straitlaced, unsuitable to any church but a French one. What a curious coincidence, by-the-bye, that this should be the Saint most honoured with sumptuous temple and shrine in a city where the births are, to a full third, illegitimate! M. Marochetti need not have inscribed "Multum dilexit" on her pedestal—it is written all over her person, and in no cryptic character. Three angel-youths, likewise of an amative organization, bear her up towards Paradise on a pillow of clouds; but her look of calm astonishment, as well as the style of the whole group, gives you the idea rather of an Abduction (with the lady's consent) than an Ascension. Herein, I repeat, lies the great fault of the performance: had its object been to illustrate the text which says, the Sons of God took wives from among the Daughters of Men, its mythic sense might excuse it; but, whatever its object, its beauty wants altogether the severer graces befitting ecclesiastical sculpture. An artistic fault is the composition—picturesque instead of sculptural: those marble clouds and the well-fed gentleman hoisted to such a height upon them, make you tremble for the tripod of angel supporters, or lest the poor Saint herself should meet with a down-come. After all, what are these feats of equilibration worth? Are they not, virtually, the mountebank's knack of balancing a tobacco-stopper on his nose, or a pole on the tip of his chin, carried into Fine Art? It is a childish achievement to build up a castle of cards; and scarce less puerile is the ambition that aspires, as its grand object, to construct a pyramid of sculptural figures somewhat loftier and firmer than a pastrycook's sugar pagoda. Such an aim may become a *Falconet* or a *Bernini*: let Czar Peter's horse stand upon its hind-legs like a dancing dog, let Constantine's imperial steed cut similar equestrian capers—the science of genuine artistic equilibrium has a different end in view. These things were disdained by the Greek sculptors; by Michaelangelo and the great Middle age statuary; so modern artists should neither emulate nor admire them as *chefs-d'œuvre*. Still, notwithstanding all its faults (among which I have set down even some of its beauties, because a little too Paphian), M. Marochetti's apotheosis of the Magdalene must be admitted a work of much positive talent and yet more comparative merit. Few marble groups from the contemporary chisel, of equal dimensions and composite detail, exceed it: I doubt if any British sculptor, now-a-days, has science or practice enough in architectonic construction to produce such another. Single or equestrian figures are a different matter; and the *Athenæum* might well doubt whether it was needful to import a foreign artist for the Glasgow Testimonial, when we have statuary at least as capable as Marochetti of taking a man's likeness on horseback, if I am to judge from his "Duke of Orleans" just now become a public spectacle. It forms the centre-ornament, I must call it, of the Louvre quadrangle. An oblong pedestal, with two bronze reliefs inserted, supports a bronze equestrian statue,—commonplace where it is natural and ridiculous where original. The Cockspur-street ornament has its pendant here! Perhaps a handsome young prince could not easily be made to rival a pigtailed old monarch in burlesque effect; but in lowness of conception, the Prince, who resembles nothing better than a crack hussar, quite surpasses the king, who rises to the dignified look of a well-dressed farmer. Then again, though the King's steed curvets with the preposterous activity of a kangaroo, the Prince's reminds you of "Banke's horse performing a saraband"—

it dances, not prances, and seems, too, by its crimped-up legs, as if it danced upon a hot hearth! Beyond doubt, if Marochetti has made Wellington such a riding-school *petit-maitre*, it is little wonder that one-half of the Glaswegians despise, and the other half admire it. For the artist's bronze procures him many eulogists here. His above-aid reliefs, indeed, are clever pieces of workmanship: battle-scenes, however, appear to me no less futile mockeries on metal or stone than on the stage—bricks, as specimens of Babylonian greatness! This soldier-mad people think otherwise: their monuments teem with warlike representations, where a slab about the size of "Long Meg" contains the field of Austerlitz, and a dozen jackets, caps and bayonets body forth the conquering host of Napoleon. Why, even pictures, that can increase their scope, as it were, to any extent by means of perspective, exhibit only bits and scraps of battles: even a whole saloon-wall at Versailles Palace has not enabled *Horace Vernet* to make his "Battle of Smalah" suggest more than a skirmish between the horse-police and a camp of gipsies. Nevertheless, M. Marochetti's "Battle of Jemappes," on the Triumphal Arch (which does seem the triumph of false taste so far as its sculpture can render it so), is reckoned among his finest works, and among any great master-piece. Perhaps I could discern its great merits were they within eye-shot; but, in their present pride of place, you might scrutinize with better success the beauties of the man in the moon through Lord Rosse's telescope. All that you can see from below are stunted forms, criss-cross, and confusion: you guess it a battle-piece by its bombast circumstance—

Guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbuss and thunder;—beyond these, little of its composition or execution marks a superiority over its companions. Sights, like sounds, will often be "by distance made more sweet"; but these semi-visible sculptures at such an altitude waste their sweetness on the desert air in a most uneconomical manner. The Romans had far more genius for the Rough Arts than the Fine. Some vicious or erroneous principle pervades all their inventions of an ideal nature; a flagrant decorative contradiction—which made their best sculpture fulfil the part of mere boss-work, scroll-work, rustic-work—characterizes the Roman arch, and will characterize every such close imitation of it as the French *Arc d'Etoile*. Indeed, what is the sense of the Roman arch itself?—Nonsense. A big stone doorway, built in the middle of a road for a man to walk under! Neither portal nor portico, neither a useful barrier nor comfortable shelter, but merely a huge "ornament,"—which so massive a fixture never should be. Wooden or painted arches of triumph, to hang chaplets and adulations on, and to be burnt when they have performed this frivolous service, are rational follies enough: an isolated and immense fixture of mason-work, devoted to the said purpose, seems just as absurd an artistic invention as that other glory of Roman architecture—an isolated templar column.

Par ignobile fratrum! Curious with how nice a precision our neighbours steered clear of the sound Greek principle in the position also of their Arch aforesaid! It stands sufficiently high the real gate of the metropolis to show that it ought to be the real gate, and sufficiently far from the real gate to show that it is a mock one! Of a truth, it almost reconciles you to the Buckingham Palace ornament; which must be acknowledged a veritable gate, though its beautiful white marble mass have no better connecting links with the architecture behind it than what the blacksmith could forge for it. However, they are somewhat better links than those connecting my digression upon them with Marochetti's sculptures.

Munich, October, 1845.

I expected to find Munich in a more finished state, with a more comfortable and complete look about it, than when I knew it some three or four years ago; but in this I was disappointed. The workmen are not yet out of the palace; large public buildings are still only in progress, while others are projected—and, though there have been many tasteful and good private houses lately built, the effect of the whole is that of a vacant straggling city. But Munich would neither be despised nor forgotten, though it were infinitely less interesting and beautiful than it is, so long as it contains within its walls

the genius and active spirit which now animates the artists. The names of some half-dozen of the great men are known in England, although their works are seldom seen there; I wish, indeed, that there were more intercommunication between the two countries with respect to works of Art; it would be useful to both, and remove much prejudice. To become acquainted with what is going on here in Art, one must penetrate into the studios of the artists. Any one, for instance, who should merely visit the late exhibition of the "works of living artists," in the "New Royal Gallery of Art and Industry," and expect to find there an exponent of the state of Art in Munich, would be woefully mistaken. However, before I tell you of any of the other *Merkwürdigkeiten*, I will give you an idea of what this exhibition is.

The whole number of works exhibited amounts only to three hundred and sixty-five, including sculpture, glass painting, engraving, and water-colour sketches. Foreign artists, who are not only freely admitted, and have mostly places accorded to them, but are invited to contribute, muster in considerable number, and in great excellence. Of the Belgian and French schools there were several very fine examples. Of the English school, there was also one very remarkable specimen. This bringing together of the works of artists of different schools and countries, not only makes the exhibition interesting and instructive, but has the effect of enabling the artists to improve themselves, by comparing their own works with those of their foreign contemporaries. I wish that some of the works in this exhibition could find their way into our Royal Academy—but a thought crosses my mind: as the names of the painters would not be notorious, nor the special attraction of the pictures very obtrusive, where would they be placed?—and horrid visions of the black octagon hole, and of lines of pictures seen through the dust on the floor, and ornamenting the cornice above, presented themselves. At Munich the advantages of foreign artists contributing are fully appreciated and wisely courted. The king has purchased several of their pictures, which would be a valuable acquisition to any of his collections. They will probably be deposited in the New Pinacothek which is to be built. The exhibition is almost triennial. The first took place in 1811; but for the last seven years, until the present one, it has not been open. From various local causes (and among them is this, that several of the leading artists here are engaged in adorning the walls of the public buildings) comparatively few of the pictures here are from the Munich men.

But I must mention one or two of the most remarkable works. Of our countrymen, Mr. Turner, unfortunately, of all the English artists invited, is the only one who has contributed. His picture is 'The Opening of the Walhalla,' exhibited at the Royal Academy a year or two since. When it arrived it created no small surprise among the natives, and various were the suppositions afloat concerning it. It was by some considered a practical joke, of rather a heavy character, as the Academy had to pay the carriage, and could not refuse or return it. One paper asserted that the only question was, whether it was painted in Bedlam or for Bedlam? But, concerning the subject of the painting, there could be no doubt—for, in addition to the title in the catalogue, there might be read, on two little pieces of paper (apparently stuck on the foreground) certain inscriptions in bad French, to the effect that it was in honour of the 'Roi Bayern,' and was a representation of the 'Triomphe de Walhalla.' We English, I can assure you, had no little to bear in the way of banter; and our only defence was, that in former times the artist *did* paint fine pictures, but now he was an old man, and that age should have its privileges.

The French schools had worthy representatives in Jacquand and Gudin. M. Jacquand's picture was a master-piece—full of incident and character. The subject—a gipsy robber gang brought up before the *grand seigneur* of the neighbourhood, and a local magistrate. The gipsies have been captured with the property of a bishop, whom they have attacked and plundered. It is a scene in the seventeenth century. The story is told with so much meaning, completeness, and dramatic effect, that the artist seems to have imbued the canvas with the spirit of Walter Scott. The magistrate is portrayed as a

Justice *Shallow*, dressed up with ludicrous solemnity in official robes: he looks on with a stupid helpless horror at the prisoners, and the gold plate of the bishop—the cups, crucifixes, &c., all spread on the floor before him, while the *seigneur* sits by with a cool determined gaze; but no appearance of horror at the sacrilege marks his brave knightly countenance. The clerk is sitting, with dry professional coolness, taking the evidence. Behind them is a small group of spectators, amongst whom is an old self-satisfied lady, with Pharisaical hands clasped together "thanking God," or rather herself, "that she is not as those publicans and sinners." This figure forms a curious contrast with that of a little girl, on whose face is marked a most pious and natural horror of the criminals. The robbers themselves are excellent. The defying and impudent stare of the one; the daring, cool, and dogged look of another; the hardened, brutal, and revengeful gaze of the old man, and the perfect indifference of the one sitting on the floor pale and wounded, indicate a fine perception of character, and great powers of expressing it. I must not forget in this group the figure of a woman with her baby in her arms. She has suddenly turned her head round, with a look of indignant scorn and hatred, towards the frightened propounder of the law. Her countenance bears the marks of the rough and savage life in which she has been brought up; but yet there is something proud and independent in her bearing—the fine feelings of the woman have not been annihilated, but hardened: under more genial circumstances she would have been one of the noble and commanding beauties. This picture is also well painted, and all the accessories very happy, with an entire absence of clap-trap. M. Gudin's painting is a coast piece—Morning: beautiful for its cool misty atmosphere and fine distance. M. Biard has two pictures. One, 'Johanna Shore' dying in the streets of London of starvation. It has, of course, its clever effects, as might have been anticipated. 'Johanna' is lying, in a dramatic position, on some street-door steps—the glimmering light from a candle falls on her ghastly face. The background is filled with soldiers in armour and an assembling mob. The subject is horrible, and we may congratulate the artist that he has not spent much time over it. Spectators will do well to follow his example.

As I have begun with the foreigners, I will mention another beautiful picture, before I come to the Germans: it is by J. Leys, of Antwerp. It is a street in a Dutch village,—and so truthful, so carefully studied, and executed with such fine effect and finish, and in such excellent keeping, that it may be asserted to be worthy of the best period of the Dutch school. The King is the lucky possessor.

The great artist of Germany, Kaulbach, who will probably ere long be recognized as the *genius* among this generation of artists, has three pictures here—all portraits; his large historical works not being of the sort that can be exhibited in galleries. The first is the portrait of the King, in the costume of Grand Master of the Order of St. Hubert; on the steps of the throne are four pages, kneeling, with the arms of the provinces of Bavaria, Pfalz, Swabia, and Franconia. It is truly an historical portrait; it is fine in arrangement and in colour, without exaggeration or straining after effect. The likeness is good and characteristic, and at the same time (what is, I fancy, rather a difficult thing to have managed with the subject) graceful. The others are portraits of the late lamented Montén, and the landscape-painter Heinlein, in the respective costumes which they wore at the Artists' Mask Festival, in the year 1840—full of character and power.

Hess's (Peter) picture is a marvellous one, and indubitably one of the finest of its class. The subject is the Retreat of the French army, under Napoleon, in 1812, over the Beresina, pursued by the Russians. It is a most true, vivid, and fearful representation of an extensive scene of battle and plunder—a powerful moral essay on the evils of war. To describe the picture would be to enter into the detail of the real horrors of such a scene. The awful passage of the bridge is rendered with intense truth. The desperate but vain attempt of individual veterans at resistance—the savage fury of the pursuers—the wanton destructiveness and rapacious plundering of the Cossacks, carrying on their mixed trade with

a grim and vigorous enjoyment—the suffering agonies of man and beast—the baggage waggons in wretched confusion, hurrying from immediate plunder to certain destruction—are all presented in a most masterly manner. This picture satisfies the technical criticism of the veteran soldier, as well as it does that of the painter. To appreciate the paramount excellence of this painting, one only has to compare it with two other battle pieces here, by Albrecht Adam; both clever, but vastly inferior to it in the various characteristic incidents giving the motive and illustrating the history of the scene.

But I must not make a long catalogue of pictures. I must mention, however, Reidel, who has two examples (in portraits) of his rich, luscious, luminous colouring, in which he stands alone in modern times.

In the "religious school," Schadow has sent an attempt in a picture of St. Hedwig, who has more the expression of a pious prude, than of a pure saint. The landscapes of most note are by Heinlein and Coignet. Bernhardt's portraits are wonderfully real-looking likenesses, and well painted. The majority of the others vulgar and common-place.

The sculpture is not extensive in quantity, but there are several interesting works of young artists, especially of Gasser, who displays great knowledge and good taste, especially in his 'Boxer.' I was sorry, however, to see one or two instances of bad taste in these rooms, such as Wichmann's (of Berlin) 'Girl fetching Water.' Its only excuse is that it is for the French market. It is one of those works, where the affection of modesty is made the flimsy covering for indecency, making it the more offensive. The half-falling scanty bit of dress is so arranged as to be suggestive of those ideas most distinct from the pure objects of Art. Such taste, however, is rare in Germany.

And now, having informed you thus far of some of the many works which struck me,—though, of course, there are many of interest and merit to which I have not adverted, I must leave it to your acquaintance with exhibitions generally to fill up the remaining vacancies on the wall. You will supply one or two religious pieces, conspicuous at least for size, and conventional in form, treating subjects with which the genius and faith of the old masters endowed with character and deep feeling, but which their modern followers render only respectable commonplace; but the pictures of this class are more worthy in the Munich exhibition than oft-times with us, for (as in Jäger's 'Burial of Christ') the drawing is correct, and the colouring not falsely forced.

You may supply, also, one or two ambitious efforts after originality (?)—Ziegler's 'Dream of Jacob'—where the mysterious angels are revealing to the sleeper, by symbols in their hands, the future of 'Art, Agriculture, and Industry,' &c. Those revealing the mysteries of Art, says the artist, in the catalogue, are veiled ("because the secrets thereof, though revealed to Jacob, are hidden from us")! Add to these some pleasing pictures of promising young artists—some "clever" landscapes—some reminiscences of divers masters, as of Rubens, Teniers, &c.—an industrious and careful Academy study or two—a portion of mediocrity—and so on. But when you have done this, you will have omitted one feature in the exhibition, which is highly interesting, viz., the glass-painting room, which is so arranged that the exhibited works form the windows of the room. There is a disadvantage attached to this sort of exhibition; owing, I think, to the nature of the thing itself, which, I fear, can hardly be obviated. It is this: the paintings being frequently of different ages, and in different style and character, but being necessarily in the confined space close together, they interfere sadly with the effect of each other. Thus have we, all in juxtaposition, Guido's 'Ascension of the Virgin' (done by Hämmel), Holbein's 'St. Barbara and St. Elizabeth' (by Röckel and L. Faustner), the 'St. Agnes,' after Lucas (by Scherer), and then the 'St. Luke' of Van Eyck, a composition of Hess. However, one would not willingly forego this part of the exhibition. I fear it would puzzle our Royal Academy to provide a room in their asylum for such works by living artists, however desirable it might be to show to the respectable shilling-paying public what our glass-painters are doing and can do. If, however, as is sometimes

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ponmously but vaguely intimated, "from a high quarter in another place," we are to have another building erected for the purposes of Art, suitable to the wants of England, room may perhaps be found therein for glass paintings. We may (let me observe) improve on the lighting of the Munich Gallery, which is not good. For small pictures it is very sufficient, but for those of a larger size just the reverse. Kaulbach's portrait of the King, before alluded to, shows there to great disadvantage.

DIAMOND MINE OF SINCURA.

We live in the age and the meridian of the Positive. Ours is the region and the period of what, in the jargon of the day, is called *great facts*. Dream-land is overshadowed by the vapours of Steam-land, and railways have ridden down Romance. The truths of our world are strange—stranger than the fictions of our fathers. Turn aside as Imagination would from the beaten path of Fact, her "enemy has found her out;"—build where she might her fairy fabrics, Fact has followed her, and reared up a solid structure by their side, overtopping them all. Alas, for the Genius of Romance! Where, on this earth of ours, is there any visible resting-place left for the sole of that bright spirit's foot? Where went it ever, on its many-coloured wings, that we go not now with the trowel and the spade? Under the beds of rivers, and right through the hearts of hills—away along the fields of air, and down in the depths of the sea,—Science has been in all the chambers, and travelled on all the pathways of Romance. And what were the ministers that waited on the latter's will, to those who wait on ours? The great fire-spirit of the mine Sir Humphrey Davy has subdued to his "Genius of the Lamp." What a sluggish spirit was Ariel, to some that do our bidding! Forty long minutes did it take that dilatory servant of Prospero to "put a girdle round about the earth,"—while we can send the message of man around the world in one. We paint with the sunbeam, and gild with the imprisoned spirit of the lightning. The fairies that played of yore through the pleasant fields of England are all bound down by our iron bands—the Titans of old Superstition vanquished by the Jupiter of Science. The Demon of the Hartz is a shadow, and the sea-serpent "very like a whale." We have read characters on the moon which Pythagoras never saw through his glass; and are finding out the gross impositions practised on the old world by the poets in their *astrography* of the Milky Way.—Then, the old pleasant haunts of the Romance-Spirit, where are they? What would Do Foe do now for a desert island,—and are there to be no more Cannibals? Mont Blanc, as Miss Landon has sung, is growing familiar ground; and Ararat has been stormed, if travellers' tales be true. What Hannibal did with so much pain, growing one of the marvels of history *because* he did it, we can do at our pleasure, and be nobody on that account even in Cockaigne. We correspond familiarly with Bagdad, walk about China, and negotiate with the Great Mogul. France is in Algiers,—and our old Romance friends of that ilk have not a flag upon the seas. The Camel is a mere beast of burthen, now, with a hump upon its back, that was once the "Ship of the Desert." We sail in the wind's eye, and build on the Goodwins,—careless of tide and reckless of Tenterden steeples. We are watering the Desert, and draining the Zuyder Zee,—and, for a climax to all, blowing up Shakespeare's Cliff. Then the new world is found to be the old:—and there is El Dorado? Peru is a borrower, and Mexico offers scrip.

Amid this universal translation into prose of the old Romance poetry, it is somewhat exciting to catch a far echo of the enchanted song which made the music of our childhood; and a real, live diamond-mine, caught wild in the 19th century, has a sound that conjures up pleasant memories. Visions of Aladdin's jewel-garden come floating to the heart as we read of this virgin field of a wealth so profuse that El Dorado itself would have sent forth her sons, even in her golden days, to gather it. The reapers at this diamond harvest will not stoop to lift the gold that lies on all the hills and glistens through all the streams. Gold is left for the gleaners. Pactolus is restored,—but has no worship in this eager scene. And if tidings of a mine the richest which the world has yet seen have a strange and real sound in these latter days, it is still more singular, in the cars

of one accustomed to the old crowded European states, where the spirit of appropriation closely covers every inch of space and atom of value, to hear of a government that actually leaves a vast treasure-fountain like this to the common enjoyment of all who flock thither to draw off its diamond streams. We have already given our readers some particulars of this singular discovery and of the settlement which has grown up around it: but the interest of the matter deepens with the details and the certainty that they are authentic; and we think it worth while, at once in a view of the historical and the picturesque, to put them in possession of the full particulars which have been furnished to the *Journal des Débats*. The narrative, they will see, belongs, for a host of lucky adventurers, to the category of the actual,—though for our readers, and for us, alas! it seems but another glimpse back, out of our world of realities, up one of the old-remembered avenues of Romance-land.

"For some months past," says the correspondent of the paper in question, "the communications and commercial relations with the province of Bahia have assumed extraordinary activity. A great number of inhabitants, speculators, adventurers, and even proprietors of sugar-houses, have emigrated with their slaves, into that province—the site of a diamond-mine, the produce of which is incredible. It was discovered in October of last year, by a slave, who, in the space of twenty days, had picked up 700 carats of diamonds, and taken them for sale to a considerable distance. Arrested and imprisoned, he still obstinately refused to disclose their source; whereupon his escape was connived at, and some intelligent Indians were put upon his trail. They followed him for several days; and surprised him at last, rooting for diamonds, not far from Coxoiera, the second city of the province of Bahia. Researches were then made over a large space, parallel with the chain of mountains called Sincura—which have since given their name to the mines—and along the banks of the river Paraguassu, which falls into the Gulf of Bahia.

"The first individuals who established themselves at the mine of Sincura were mostly convicts and murderers; and their presence was marked by burnings and assassination. The difficulty of procuring sustenance in the country, and the danger incurred by those who came thither to exchange diamonds against the paper money of Brazil, prevented the respectable merchants from engaging in this commerce. But as the population, nevertheless, gradually increased, police regulations were adopted by the new colonists; and the working of the mine began then on an extended scale. The population which, in the previous August, numbered only 8,000 souls, distributed amongst three townships, was, at the close of July last, upwards of 30,000, and is continually increasing. The villages now inhabited and worked are seven in number—Paraguassu, Combucas, Chique-Chique, Causu-Bon, Andrahy, Nagé, and Lancoës. The latter of these, twenty leagues distant from Paraguassu, contains alone 3,000 houses and 20,000 inhabitants. The central point of the diamond-commerce is Paraguassu; which, though populous, has yet only 12 small houses of masonry. Nearly all the miners come thither on Saturday and Sunday, to sell the stones which they have collected during the week—taking back, in exchange, various articles of consumption, arms, and ready-made clothing, which come from Bahia at great cost. The diamonds found at Paraguassu are for the most part of a dun colour and very irregular conformation. Those of Lancoës are white, or light green, and nearly transparent as they come from the mine. They are octoedrical, and the most prized of any. It is often necessary to penetrate to a depth of three or four yards ere coming at the diamond stratum. Diamonds are gathered, too, in the stony ravines at the bottom of the Paraguassu itself, and of its tributary streams.

"The price of the diamonds of this mine varies, at Bahia, from 250 to 500 milreis (670 to 1,340 francs) the octave, according to their size or water. The octave is 17½ carats; but the carat of Brazil is 7½ per cent. below the French carat,—which makes the Brazilian carat from 67 to 134 francs. The actual course of exchange at Bahia is 365 reis for a franc.

"The two English packets of May and June last took home about 5½ millions worth (220,000*l.*) of diamonds from this mine; and since then, during

the months of June and July, it has produced nearly 1,450 carats per day. It is estimated to have yielded, in the ten months during which it has been worked, nearly 400,000 Portuguese carats (about 732,000*l.* in value),—three-fifths of which have taken the road of England, another fifth has gone to France and Hamburg, and the remaining fifth waits for purchasers at Rio Janeiro and Bahia.

"All the lapidaries in Europe could not cut even one-half the stones produced by the mine of Sincura: a reduction in value is therefore looked for, and the traffic gives rise to very hazardous speculations.

"Brazil, whose privilege it is to furnish the diamonds of commerce, produced annually, before the discovery of this mine, no more than 6 or 7 kilogrammes,—which cost more than a million of francs in the working. Hitherto, the diamonds found at Sincura are all of small size. It is known that there are but few in the world which weigh more than 20 grammes. The largest is that of Agra—weighing 133;—that of the Rajah of Matan, at Borneo, weighs 78—that of the Emperor of Mogul 63,—and that of France, called the *Regent*, 28 grammes 89 centigrammes; but this latter is of fine form, and in all respects quite perfect. It weighed before cutting 87 grammes, and took the work of two years.

"The mine of Sincura presents the aspect of an independent colony in the heart of the mother-country. Hitherto, the Government has taken no step for assuming the direction of this trade, which promises to be so abundant a source of wealth to the province of Bahia; and they will probably have, now, to sanction the regulations which the inhabitants have laid down for their own security in the working of this vast mine,—that spreads already over a superficies of more than thirty leagues."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It will be in the recollection of the Fellows of the Royal Society, and of those distinguished persons present at the evening parties of the Marquis of Northampton during the last season, that great admiration was excited by Mr. Goadby's beautiful anatomical preparations of the lower classes of animals, preserved in fluids, discovered by him after years of laborious experiments, and displayed in glass cases, also of his invention and manufacture, admitting of the full examination of every part of the animal either by the eye or microscope. These preparations, on more than one occasion, attracted the special attention of His Royal Highness Prince Albert. They were also seen, and much admired by Sir Robert Peel; and it is with the utmost satisfaction we are enabled to state, that, with the discriminating patronage of science and its cultivators which distinguishes him, he has recently presented Mr. Goadby with 150*l.* from the "Royal Bounty Fund," as a reward for his labours in this department of Natural History.

The copies of the pictures provided by the *British Institution* for the use of students were exhibited, at the rooms in Pall Mall, on Wednesday. A 'Portrait of a Child,' by Sir Joshua—Lord Saye and Sele's 'Assumption' by Murillo—A 'St. Joseph' by Spagnoletto—a 'Christ Scourged' by Rembrandt,—and a somewhat affected portrait by Vandyck—seem to have been the favourite originals: though the specimens by Cuyt, Both, Berghem, and Maes have also had their copyists. A fine landscape by Wilson tempted no one:—nor (which is more intelligible) a huge *goose-piece*, by Hondekoeter. We will not mention the names of the copyists: since their efforts, to say the sad truth, do not at best get beyond a discouraging mediocrity. Perhaps the most generally successful attempts were those made upon the Spagnoletto and the Rembrandt.

The obituary chronicle of the week includes the name of another among the children of William Roscoe. His eldest daughter, Mary Anne, wife of Mr. Thomas Jevons, of Liverpool, passed through the last stage of a most suffering disease, and died, in London, on the 13th of this month, aged fifty. "Mrs. Jevons," says a correspondent, "was known for several successive years as editor of the 'Sacred Offering'; and as the author of many poems in that little work, which have since been selected from it, and printed in a separate form, with some beautiful additions. In her native town and its neighbourhood she was beloved and admired in no common degree.

Her benignant countenance, beaming with animation and kindness, was always welcomed with delight. Her pure benevolence, sweetness of manner, her sympathy with every form of goodness, her tenderness to the erring, her kind efforts to amend the condition of the distressed and to raise and refine those who were of low estate, have made the deeper impression because of the peculiar quietness and modesty with which her good deeds were performed. Who that remembers her when, in her young days, she adorned her father's happy dwelling—who that afterwards saw her as one of the chief supporters of his adversity and old age—or, in later times, has known her as the wife and mother, the consistent devout Christian worshipper, the cultivated, developed woman, rich in beautiful tastes and yet more rich in good works, but will think with sorrow on the vacant place she has left? At such a time, her own words—always the outpourings of her heart—come to us with peculiar interest; alike bringing before us the strivings of an affectionate and social spirit under the prospect of its last lonely conflict (to her terrible only from its loneliness), and testifying to the power of a stay and support long proved, and never, we are sure, found wanting:—

A Night Thought.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Psalm xxxii.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul!
Thou must go forth alone,—
To other scenes, to other worlds,
That mortal hath not known.
Thou must go forth alone, my soul,—
To tread the narrow vale;
But He, whose word is sure, hath said
His comforts shall not fail.
Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
Along the darksome way;
Where the bright sun has never shed
His warm and gladsome ray.
And yet the Sun of Righteousness
Shall rise amidst the gloom,
And scatter from thy trembling gaze
The shadows of the tomb.
Thou must go forth alone, my soul!
To meet thy God above;
But shrink not—he has said, my soul!
He is a God of love.
His rod and staff shall comfort thee
Across the dreary road,
Till thou shalt join the blessed ones,
In Heaven's serene abode."

The daily papers announce the death of Dr. Charles Badham, a learned and accomplished member of the medical profession, formerly filling the medical chair in the University of Glasgow. Besides a Treatise on Bronchitis, which is, we believe, a professional work of repute and authority, Dr. Badham was, amongst other excursions into the field of more general literature, a translator of the 'Satires of Juvenal.' His classical tastes and love of foreign travel made him comparatively a stranger to London practice.

Mr. Rutherford has been re-elected to the Lord-Rectorship of the University of Glasgow, by an almost unanimous vote in each of the four nations.

According to letters from Liverpool, Mrs. Butler (formerly Fanny Kemble), has landed in that port from Philadelphia, with the intention of resuming her place on the English stage. The latter part of this announcement we can take upon us to contradict:—Mrs. Butler has no such intention.

The progress of society in any given direction, even after it has got a decided impulse that way, is long ere, from one impeding cause or another, it is steady to the end in view. Two steps forward and one backward demand a large diminution from the amount of its apparent speed; and often it has the aspect of a body whose left hand has no knowledge of what the right is doing. Any one who should of late years have read the reports of health-commissioners, and those of the practical steps to which, in many liberal quarters, they have led, would suppose that the world (our world, at least,) had at length fully agreed on the necessity of ventilation for towns, and open breathing-spaces for the recreation of their inhabitants;—and was economically lamenting that former lavish expenditure of its space which compels it now to restore the lungs of great cities by a slow and expensive process. He would scarcely expect, at that very time, in the first place of the empire, the seat of its highest intelligence, to find the selfish and ignorant spirit of the old encroachment prevailing, in direct resistance to the wiser

doctrine and more liberal intention. It is not without an indignant sense of cruel waste that, while Manchester, and Birmingham, and we believe Glasgow, are honourably spending thousands, to get open spaces for the exercise of the children of toil, we see, in London, the continual attempts to appropriate, for exclusive uses, the existing common-grounds which lie nearest to the reach of pining hearts and weary limbs. Hampstead, Greenwich, and Primrose Hill have all, in turn, been threatened; and now the spirit of inclosure, it seems, has reached that immediate grassy outskirts of the south, Kennington Common. There is no other feature of interest in this particular spot than those of air and room; but the value of these is increasing every day. The occupants of the surrounding houses, it appears, wish to have these blessings to themselves, and propose, if the public will be so good as to let them, to skirt the common with an iron railing, and to lay it out as a "trim garden, wherein "retired leisure" may "take its pleasure," without having the poor and laborious between the wind and its nobility. This is the history of these encroachments everywhere. Men come and build up houses on the edge of a common, because it is pleasant; and once located, they say the common is an appendage of the houses, and we will have it to ourselves. Of course, a reason was never wanting when a wrong was to be done; and this daring advance against the humbler classes is made, as many others have been, under cover of the moralities. Kennington Common, it appears, offers a field for objectionable meetings and assemblages. Magnates of Kennington!—this is an accident, not an essential, of the place—as of all others in the neighbourhood of large towns, to say nothing of the little ones. There is nothing in the particular soil of the Common, in its wild and uninclosed state, which necessarily grows such things. The remedy here is the same as elsewhere. A couple of extra policemen will keep out bad company, without the necessity of throwing up a stockade. And then, it has, of course, not occurred to you—for which reason we state it—that the inclosure for yourselves of this free space would be a grosser immorality than any one of the immoralities which it intends to shut out, and more sweeping and wholesale than the amount of them all.

A trial has been recently occupying the public attention, in Paris, wherein M. Girardin sought a verdict against a publisher of that city, who has taken his Chemical Lectures bodily, and boldly published them for his own behoof,—merely clothing them with the Spanish language. The interest of this trial, for our readers (or its curiosity rather), consists in the impudent logic with which the defendant sought to maintain his right. A translation, says he, by way of thesis, cannot be a piracy; and his argument in its support sets out with Buffon's maxim, that "the style is the man." Allowing that this maxim might be somewhat of an exaggeration, in a purely literary application, he contends that it is strictly true in matters of science—where the ideas are common property, and the garb alone belongs to the individual author. The translator, therefore, who throws ideas which are common, into a language which is not the original writer's, produces a work as original as the original work! Here is a delicious specimen of logical mystification. The work which conveys exactly the same lessons—the results of individual modes and powers of thought, acting in the detection, or arrangement, or application of truths that, no doubt, are universal,—becomes, forsooth, a new work by being writ in Spanish! It is something like saying, that an English gentleman becomes, to all intents and purposes, a Don, by throwing a Spanish cloak over his shoulders—a new and ingenious doctrine of naturalization. The scientific applications for which we Englishmen grant particular rights from the patent-office are all embodiments of truths that are general property, if you can catch them; but a third party is not at liberty, therefore, to go and appropriate his ingenious neighbour's patent, by merely translating the terms of the specification into French. The principles embodied in a fine marble or bronze statue are universal; nevertheless the particular statue does not become the work and the property of any man who can get a plaster cast of it. Yet the bronze and marble

are as much the statue, apart from form, in the one case, as the mere words, apart from the thought and the system, are in the other. If the doctrine of the French publisher were true, a man has but to learn languages to be a great author; and he may choose for himself among the works of genius any he would like to have the paternity of. But it is idle to dwell on dishonesty thus taking the form of absurdity. The Court fined the publisher, confiscated his copies, and gave M. Girardin damages.

We see that M. Lacretelle has published, in the same capital, the first two volumes of his 'History of the Consulate and the Empire;'—to which the great name of the author, and his direct concurrence with M. Thiers, will give a more than ordinary interest. It is likely enough that the variorum readings of two such writers may help the truth.

Ibrahim Pasha is rehearsing as a lion, on the small scale of the Tuscan capital,—in preparation for the more public performance which awaits him in London and Paris. The Italians do not find him sufficiently Egyptian. They are surprised that he brings with him none of the rudeness of the Desert. At Pisa, where a banquet was given him by the authorities, he replied to the toast of his health in terms which would do honour to the most accomplished and eloquent of European diplomatists. "Not to the prosperity of Tuscany," he said—"for it prospers; not to the happiness of its inhabitants—for they are happy;—but to the conservation of the good principles by which they are governed!"

We have already had more than one occasion to advert to the progress making with the literary and intellectual institutions of the Greek capital; and the public spirit exhibited by the sons of the redeemed soil, in furnishing up, for the use of the new kingdom, what was one of the best and most precious of her ancient republican crowns. To this good work—which can be effectually done only by themselves—the sovereigns of Europe are, nevertheless, contributing such materials as they can spare. The Emperor of Austria has recently offered to the Public Library of Athens a collection of duplicates in the Imperial Library at Vienna; and a first remittance of this gift, to the number of 680 volumes, has reached the former capital.—The King of Prussia has presented, to the University of the same metropolis, a similar collection of duplicates from the public libraries of his kingdom.—The King of the Two Sicilies has sent, to its National Museum and to its School of Fine Arts, plaster-casts of the finest statues and busts existing in the Bourbon Museum at Naples;—and even the Emperor of Russia has lent himself, in such fashion as presented itself, to this enlightened species of Philhellenism. The Greek brothers Rizari, who spent the greater portion of their lives in Russia—returning to their country only when its elevation into an independent kingdom was secured—bequeathed their whole fortune to the nation, to be employed in the foundation and maintenance of a seminary. Of this fortune a portion still remained, at their death, in the Bank of Russia—on which the government was entitled to a duty exceeding 60,000 roubles. Petitioned on the subject, the emperor has remitted this claim in favour of the seminary; in the hope, as he expresses it, that the government of the school will fully realize the patriotic intentions of the brothers Rizari.—To these examples of royal and citizen munificence, we may add a gift of 16,000 ducats to the University of Athens, and 4,000 ducats to other educational establishments, made by Theodore Tyrcas, a Greek merchant of Vienna; whom the King of Greece has decorated, in acknowledgment, with the cross of Officer of the Order of the Saviour.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A LECTURE on the PREVALENT DISEASE IN POTATOES, and the Means of extracting the Starch as an Article of Food, will be delivered by Dr. Ryan, daily at Half-past Three, and on the Evenings of Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at Nine. Professor BACHHOFFER'S varied LECTURES, with experiments, in one of which he clearly explains the principle of the ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY, a model of which is at work daily. Mr. DOWNE, the celebrated FLUTIST, accompanied by Dr. WALLIS on the PIANOFORTE, will perform a DUET CONCERTANTE, and afterwards a favourite FANTASIA, at Four o'clock on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. COLEMAN'S AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE, for ascending and descending inclined planes. A magnificent Collection of Models of Tropical Fruits. A new and very beautiful series of Dissolving Views. New Optical Instruments, &c. Experiments with the Diver and Diving Bell, &c. &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

DIORAMA, REPRESENTING THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM, after the plans of the late Sir Christopher Wren, as seen in the original drawings, and the various views of the Temple, from the city of Jerusalem, and the surrounding country. Open from 10 to 12. 2s. 6d.

SCIENCE

ROYAL SOCIETY. Northampton were announced. Literature. A paper was read on the Lines of Force of Light; and the General Enq. D.C.L. ensuing meeting of it.

INSTITUTE. H. E. Kendal was read des in the collected shire, at Ch Institute an tary for For Academy of drawings by and this pro examine the The drawing in 17 portfolios in number, of evidence, to They consist antique, inc given to the the work on among which ment of the taining much unpublished to these, a ferent school by whom the drawn up, radio. Th that this pa The follo Mr. Hawk British Mus

"As the National A Museum, I shortly be anxious, as ties, to take object. The kindly co-form such measures to the matter. by their ex seeking f and the op to carry o preservation great part conducted teets, and architect authentic influence protected, this subje Members hoping that interest in created in may thus be and to the over work and demol ily recog

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—REDUCED PRICE OF ADMITTANCE.—Now OPEN, with a new and highly interesting exhibition, representing the CASTLE and TOWN OF HEIDELBERG (formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine) under the various aspects of Winter and Summer, Mid-day and Evening; and the exterior view of the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME, as seen at Sunset and by Moonlight, and which has been so universally admired. Both pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Reuss, and are open from 10 till 4. Admittance to view both Pictures—Saloon, 1s.; Stalls, 2s. as heretofore.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.—Nov. 20.—The Marquis of Northampton, President, in the chair.—Presents were announced, including 460 volumes of Chinese literature. A. S. Taylor, Esq., and P. W. Barlow, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society.

A paper was, in part, read, 'On the Magnetization of Light; and the Illumination of Magnetic Lines of Force, including the Action of Magnets on Light; the Action of Electro Currents on Light, and General Considerations,' by Michael Faraday, Esq., D.C.L. This paper will be concluded at the ensuing meeting, when we shall give an abstract of it.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Nov. 17.—H. E. Kendall, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—A paper was read descriptive of the Architectural Drawings in the collection of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick. During the last session of the Institute an application was made, through the Secretary for Foreign Correspondence, on behalf of the Academy of Vicenza, for some account of the drawings by Palladio, known to exist in this country, and this paper was the result of a permission to examine them, granted by his grace to the Institute. The drawings of Palladio are contained and classed in 17 portfolios and books, and amount to about 285 in number, of which about 250 appear, from internal evidence, to be by the hand of Palladio himself. They consist of studies and measurements from the antique, including most of those which have been given to the world in the works of Palladio, and in the work on the ancient baths of some restorations, among which is conspicuous an elaborate development of the Temple of Fortune at Praeneste, containing much which no longer exists, and several unpublished original designs. There is, in addition to these, a vast mass of architectural drawings of different schools, but Messrs. Poynter & Donaldson, by whom the examination was made and the paper drawn up, confined themselves to the works of Palladio. The meeting recommended to the Council that this paper should be printed.

The following letter addressed to the Secretary by Mr. Hawkins, Keeper of the Antiquities at the British Museum, was read:—

British Museum, Nov. 17, 1843.

"As the formation of an extensive collection of National Antiquities is contemplated at the British Museum, and as a room for their reception will shortly be opened in that establishment, I am most anxious, as the Keeper of the Department of Antiquities, to take every step for the furtherance of this object. The Committee of the Archaeological Institute, kindly co-operating with the Museum in the desire to form such a collection, have already taken active measures towards the awakening public interest in the matter. Much will, I am sure, be accomplished by their exertions; but they feel, as I do, the necessity of seeking the aid of those who, by their experience and the opportunities of their profession, are best able to carry out some general scheme for the record and preservation of Antiquities found in this country. A great part of such objects are discovered in works conducted under the control and inspection of architects, and it is to the professional knowledge of the architect that we are generally indebted for an authentic account of such discoveries, and by his influence that antiquities thus found can be best protected. I therefore venture to address myself on this subject, through you their secretary, to the Members of the Royal Institute of British Architects, hoping that, by their authority and example, an active interest in the preservation of Antiquities may be created in the whole body of their profession, and may thus be gradually communicated to their clerks, and to the foremen and others more immediately set over workmen employed in labours of excavation and demolition. The claims of Archaeology once publicly recognized, antiquities when discovered would

no longer be ignorantly destroyed or dispersed, but would be scrupulously collected together into one place; the circumstances of their discovery would be registered with far greater accuracy, and the result in a few years would be a most interesting collection of monuments of national art, and the development of the history of successive races so far as it can be gathered from the evidences of Archaeology, and as it is exhibited in the museums of other countries. I need hardly here remind you, that if for the archaeologist hardly any comparison seems too extensive or too minute,—if he seeks to bring together every fragment of the works of former races, and studies not the nobler specimens of their art only, but every variety of type in the fashion of their costume and the implements of their daily life, he does so with the deep conviction that in all these relics there is a meaning and value,—not merely because they may singly corroborate or by chance supply history, but because, when put together and viewed in connexion, they exhibit with peculiar reality the character of an age or race, as it has revealed itself unconsciously in its art and handicraft. I trust that the truly national character of the object set forth in this letter may serve as my apology for having ventured to make this appeal to the Members of the Institute of Architects. If in these remarks is found no definite request or proposition as to the mode of recording and guarding discoveries of Antiquities, it is because I would rather invite the suggestions of those best qualified by professional experience to decide what measures are practicable for such a purpose. I remain, &c.

"EDWARD HAWKINS."

Mr. Tite adverted to the means taken by the authorities of the City of London for the preservation of the antiquities found in the excavations of the Royal Exchange, a subject on which much misrepresentation had been industriously spread, not a little of which had been levelled at himself personally. The fact was, that the greatest precaution had been taken to protect the antiquities, which were there discovered, from the depredations of that class of antiquarians whose zeal outweighed their sense of *meum and tuum*, and that although an ancient bell, and some other curious objects had been pilfered, in spite of the utmost vigilance, the result had been to save from dispersion a very extensive and curious collection of Roman remains, which would in due time be placed where they would be available to the public at large.

The Secretary announced that the Council had voted the medal of the Institute to the Chevalier Beuth, of Berlin, as an acknowledgment of their sense of the great services he had rendered to the Arts during the long and zealous public career from which he has lately retired.

Dr. Arnott's new Balance-valve, for the ventilation of rooms, was exhibited and explained.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.—Nov. 1.—Professor H. H. Wilson in the chair.—The paper read was a continuation of Professor Wilson's communications on the Festivals of the Hindús.

Nov. 15.—The Right Hon. Sir E. Ryan in the chair.—The paper read is one of the first literary fruits of the residence of our countrymen at the newly opened ports in China; and, although on matters of but secondary importance, is an earnest of what may be expected when longer acquaintance and greater leisure shall give more ample means and opportunities for observation and research. The paper is by T. Lay, Esq., H.B.M. Consul at Amoy. The first part is a translation of the inscription on the written rock of Koolangsu, which has been frequently noticed by ships proceeding to Amoy. It is quite modern, having been engraved in the year 1814, by order of Wang-tih-lüh, commander-in-chief of the land and naval forces in Fuh-keen and Formosa, as a record of the fulfilment of a vow made by him. It appears from the inscription that in the year 1804, during some successful naval efforts against certain native rebels and pirates, the marine commander observed that the "Palace of the Triple Harmony, or Common Chord of Heaven," was in ruins; and he vowed at some future time to rebuild it. Within six years he had succeeded in clearing the sea of pirates; and was advanced by the emperor to the honour of the peacock's feather; which was, in fact, an accession to the dignity of a noble; and he now

resolved to perform his vow. He solicited subscriptions in aid of the work, merchants came forward with assistance, and the new building was completed with "walls lofty, strong, firm, and highly finished," and with "joists in carved work, exhibiting the residence of the hills in a thousand shades; and casting upon the shrine the glassy lustre of the Eastern sea in ten thousand variations." Wang-tih-lüh concludes his inscription by stating that, from respect for his native village, he went there, and made choice of Wang-kwei-chang to draw up this inscription. Mr. Lay informs us that the Triple Harmony was a religious house (probably a Buddhist monastery) seated in a very pleasant nook, until dismantled by depredators, native and European; that it was converted by the British forces into a racket court; and is now turned into a yard for rearing pigs and poultry.

The second part of the paper comprised a translation of a diploma granted by the superiors of a Buddhist monastery to one of their priests, and is chiefly interesting as a record of the countenance afforded to Buddhism by the imperial government, which has been more than once suspected of an inclination to favour that religion, though considered by the disciples of Confucius as heretical and superstitious. The diploma records the marks of favour to the monastic establishments of the sect from the seventh century of the Christian era to the present time. These were chiefly the erection of altars for taking the pledge of total abstinence, and the supply of utensils necessary for administering at them; or orders to the magistrate that they should throw no obstacles in the way of disciples of Buddha when travelling in search of instruction in the doctrines of contemplation. An instance of such an order occurred as early as the fourteenth century. The diploma may be regarded as a kind of passport, and also as a token that the holder has taken the pledge of abstinence; the one translated by Mr. Lay was given to an individual described as a man of observation and learning, and who has been commissioned by the British authorities to collect books and information generally on the subject of his religion. He is officiating priest of the Tseih-Luy Monastery, which is described as seated on the slope of a delightful hill within the walls of Fuh-Chow, commanding a spacious and beautiful landscape. The monastery and pleasure grounds adjoining, with the consent of the priests and gentry of Fuh-Chow, were placed at the disposal of the British Consulate there.

A paper by C. Masson, Esq., in illustration of the Route from Seleucia to Apobatana (Ecbatana), of Isidore of Charax, was commenced.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Nov. 3.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, F.R.S., President, in the chair.—The president exhibited a collection of Ichneumonidae and Crustacea from Southend; also a new species of Goliath beetle and other rare insects from Cape Palmas, collected by Dr. Savage; and others from the East Indies, sent by Mr. Benson. Captain Parry also exhibited a series of Goliath beetles.—A letter from Captain Boys on the habits of various species of Indian insects was read.

DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.—Nov. 11.—Mr. Fildes, V.P. described the rise of the Renaissance Style in France, its progress from the time of Francis I. and its gradual modifications, resulting in the establishment of that of Louis XIV., adding a brief account of many celebrated artists and architects who flourished under the munificent patronage of the court during the long reign of that monarch. Numerous engravings were exhibited from the works of Le Brun, Watteau, the Le Pautre, and others, to which constant reference was made, in illustration of the observations which followed; there were also produced some copies, by Mr. Seddon, of original sketches for the decoration at Versailles, now preserved in the Bibliothèque at Paris. It was remarked that erroneous conceptions of the style are prevalent in the minds of many employed upon decorations, and that the more sumptuous and magnificent works of the period are neglected or imperfectly understood, whilst their place is usurped by the exuberance of fantastic scroll-work which appeared only at the latter end of this reign, and was predominant during those of Louis XV. and XVI., but which has in common estimation been considered as

the genuine productions of the Louis Quatorze style. The general characteristics of the style in its best period were described as Florid Roman, and the interior decorations as being in design subordinate to the principal architectural lines: the works of Mansart, Le Brun, and Jean Le Pautre, were referred to as examples. It was considered that the productions of Watteau, Bérain, Marot and Dekker displayed the lighter and grotesque fancies which attended a departure from classic taste, and also that the facility with which Eastern forms of ornament were blended with them, had served to sustain them in public estimation. It was said that Sir C. Wren made the nearest approach to the style of Louis XIV. recognizable in the architecture of this country, and that the decorations of some rooms at Wilton House, Stafford House, and a few others, were in accordance with this style.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. Geographical Society, half-past 8, P.M.
 TUES. Zoological Society, half-past 8.—Scientific Business.
 WED. Ethnological Society, 8.
 THUR. Royal Society, half-past 8.
 — Antiquarian Society, 8.
 — Royal Society of Literature, 4.
 — Royal Academy.—Anatomy.
 — Numismatic Society, 7.

FINE ARTS

BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.

Our few words on 'Architectural Vicissitude,' [ante, p. 1083] have drawn down on us, somewhat unexpectedly, a remonstrance, in which we are taken to task for sundry inaccuracies in what was said about the new Dome of Bethlehem Hospital. The remonstrance, though signed "A Friend of the Institution," was more probably written by a friend of the architect, or the architect himself, it being very unlikely that any other person would either care or be able to set us right as to some particulars.

Well! we plead guilty at once to one or two counts in the indictment, premising, as some excuse, that we spoke at the time from recollection, the building in question happening to occur to us as a recent and sufficiently notable instance of architectural transformation. Our first mistake was, that we spoke of the dome of the hospital in general terms as being scarcely larger than the dome of the National Gallery, for which offence the architect raps us on the knuckles with his foot-rule, demonstrating by the proof of actual measurement that it is exactly nine feet more in diameter! Another grievance is, that in our wantonness we noticed the magnificent promises on the part of the newspapers in regard to the magnitude of this new dome; for which levity the "Friend to the Institution" rebukes us by gravely stating that "the public were never informed by the governors or their architect that there was any intention or pretension to rival" the dome of St. Paul's! Now who for a moment fancied that the newspaper report emanated from the governors or their architect? But if the architect be so very sensitive on this point, he might as well have corrected the newspapers themselves at the time; nor do we see wherefore those who are employed upon public buildings should not transmit accurate descriptions of them to the public press; and, if they do not, they must be prepared for misrepresentations. We, ourselves, have to confess to an error when we assumed that the dome was not of stone, although we certainly did not say so, but merely observed that it was "apparently" of stucco or some sort of compositum; and its present appearance—the great difference of hue and surface between that and the older stonework, does cause the dome to appear of a different material from the portico. Even here, however, it is admitted by our querulous correspondent that the dome is not entirely of stone, the spaces between the pilasters being, he says, "for practical reasons," of some other material. Such, then, being the case, he might almost as well have left the matter just as we had represented it; for the structure is now explained to be a mixture of stone and brickwork, not left to show itself as such honestly, but professing to be throughout of the nobler material. Some time hence, therefore, the deception is likely to become manifest very disagreeably, when the stone shall be improved by age, and the "other material" injured and rendered shabby and squalid. The effect will then, we apprehend, be much worse than if

the whole had been of brick composed over, because in that case the whole might have been renovated from time to time, whereas now the fictitious material cannot be repaired without producing a most ridiculous pyrebal appearance. But the "Friend to the Institution" is himself mistaken in supposing, as he seems willing to do, that it is on account of the seeming difference of material that the dome shows itself as "a mere addition and afterthought engrafted upon the building." The disparity of character and style between the original part of the structure and what has been superimposed upon it is not to be explained away by reference to material; and though we may have erred in calling the tholobate of the dome Doric, and should have spoken of the bicover apertures as being round instead of oval, the main part of our criticism—as far as what we said amounted to criticism—remains unshaken.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MR. BLAGROVE'S FULL BAND AMATEUR MEETINGS, at his CONCERT ROOM, 71, NORTH-STREET, TUESDAY EVENINGS, Nov. 22nd, and Dec. 2nd and 23rd, 1845: Jan. 13th and 27th, Feb. 10th and 24th, March 10th and 24th, April 7th and 21st, and May 5th and 19th, 1846, on which occasions the orchestral parts will be complete. To commence at Eight o'clock and conclude at Eleven. Mr. Blagrove, who will lead the Symphonies, Overtures, &c. will be happy to receive an early application from those amateurs of stringed or wind instruments who may wish to join. Subscription to the above thirteen nights, 25s. 3s., or to any six consecutive nights, 15s. 6d., or to a single evening, 7s.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, the 30th Nov. 1845, will be repeated Handel's Oratorio, 'ISRAEL IN EGYPT.' Principal vocal performers—Miss Rainforth, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. H. Phillips. The Band and Chorus will consist of above Five Hundred Performers. Tickets, 3s. each: Reserved Seats, 5s. may be had of the principal music-sellers—of Mr. Mitchell, 30, Charing-cross—and of Mr. Ries, 102, Strand, opposite Exeter Hall.

THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Sec. This being the commencement of a new season, a favourable opportunity offers for parties desirous of becoming subscribers, who are requested to apply at Exeter Hall during the rehearsal on Tuesday Evening from Eight till Ten o'clock, or at any other time to Mr. Bowley, 28, Charing-cross.

The Subscription is 15s. 6d. for Reserved Seats (in the area or gallery) 25s. 3s. per annum, and during the past year the number of Subscription Concerts amounted to Eleven.

SACRED CONCERTS, CROSBY HALL, BISHOPSGATE.

Programme of the First Concert, FRIDAY EVENING, Nov. 26th. Anthem.—Lord, for thy tender mercies. Marcella. Misses Rainforth & Cubitt.—As the heart pants. Handel. Song—Mr. Machin. Neukomm. Misses Rainforth and Cubitt. Mozart. Misses Rainforth and Machin.—Judge me, O Lord. Mozart. Chorus.—I will give thanks. Mozart. Slumber Song—Miss Rainforth. Kuckan. Miss Rainforth & Mr. Lockey.—The Rainbow. Handel. Mr. Lockey.—Why doth the God of Israel sleep. Beethoven. Chorus.—Worlds of glory. Beethoven. Organ Solo. Neukomm. Miss Cubitt.—O Lord God of my salvation. Haydn. Mr. Machin.—Rolling in foaming billows. Sebastian Bach. Corale. Gueldelm. Miss Rainforth.—O magnify the Lord. Neukomm. Misses Rainforth and Cubitt. Handel. Misses Rainforth and Machin.—Who can proclaim. Neukomm. Mr. Lockey.—Pardieu. Handel. Chorus.—The King shall rejoice. Handel. The Organ by Miss Mounsey. To commence at Half-past Seven and terminate before Ten. Subscription for Two Tickets to each of the Six Concerts, 15s. 3s.; Single Tickets, 5s. 6d.

EVENINGS WITH THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

The success which has attended the Lectures delivered by Mr. HENRY LINCOLN, at various Literary Institutions, the crowded audiences by which they have been honoured, and the approbation with which they have been received alike by the public and the press, lead to the inference that there is a large body of intelligent persons who are desirous of becoming acquainted with the Great Works of the Great Masters. Mr. LINCOLN therefore proposes to give a series of

LECTURES, WITH MUSICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

AT THE WESTERN INSTITUTION, LEICESTER-SQUARE, in which he will each evening offer an outline of the Musical life and labours of one or other of these great men, tracing the development of his powers, marking his peculiarities and characteristics, with such vocal or instrumental illustrations as may best tend to elucidate the subject, and gratify and satisfy a cultivated and refined taste. Mr. Lincoln proposes in the first instance to devote four evenings—

Dec. 2nd, 9th, 16th, and 23rd Dec to

HAYDN, MOZART, CHOPIN, CIMAROSA, MENDELSSOHN.

The Series will be followed by evenings devoted to Bach, Beethoven, Boieldieu, Gluck, Gretry, Handel, Jomelli, Meyerbeer, Mozart, Paeselli, Purcell, Schubert, Spohr, Spontini, Weber, and others—the Master Minds of Europe, various in power and originality, but all of great interest—some only known by name in England, many only known for one or two works,—not one in all the infinite variety in which his genius made itself manifest. Tickets, 2s. each, will be procurable at the principal Music-sellers; and Reserved Seats, 3s., of Mr. LINCOLN, 9, Upper John-street, Golden-square.

Tuesday, December 2.

VOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS. By Miss CUBITT, Miss LINCOLN, HENRY KNOFF, and Mr. LOCKEY. With a small but efficient Chorus. Pianoforte, Mr. LINCOLN. Violins, Mr. DUBOIS. Mr. GOSFRIE; Tenor, Mr. HILL. Violoncello, Mr. BANISTER.

DRURY LANE.—The impression made upon us by 'Maritana,' the title of the opera founded on 'Don César de Bazan,' is decidedly favourable to its composer, Mr. Wallace,—considering the work as his first essay. So strangely is the door shut to the English musicians, partly by managerial scruple, partly by their own impracticability, (to use mitigated terms on both sides of the argument,) that a new

aspirant must not enter without kind welcome and "fair construction." But the sincerity of both is attested by plain speaking; and Mr. Wallace, we hope, will receive our observations in the spirit which has dictated them. To judge from 'Maritana,' he is in search of a style, since there are half a dozen different manners tried in as many portions of the opera. This might subject him to the charge of characterlessness, were there not one or two pieces—such as the fortune-telling scene in the first act—in which a local, if not individual colour has been attained, with considerable spirit. If Mr. Wallace mean to become a composer, we would say to him, "Be bold!" and counsel him, while he conciliates his singers reasonably, to study the unity, not only of his work, but of his manner, as an essential. This can be done, even with such bald, disjointed words as he has been compelled to set. Mr. Wallace, too, has a pleasant vein of melody; let him watch its outpourings carefully, lest they flow in the old channels, and rather wait for a fresher moment than torment himself in the hope of giving them an original direction; for this course will never reach his point—the hearts of his hearers. *Maritana's* first *romanza* has a far-fetched turn in the second bar, which might pass in a French melody, where improbability is the law, not the exception,—but, among more smoothly-written music, sounds like affectation. Mr. Wallace is nearer the thing aimed at in the *motivo* of the *terzett*, 'Turn on, old Time,'—which, though disregardful of the emphasis of the words, is graceful and animated. The opening of *Don César's* first air has a certain largeness of style befitting the entry of a comic hero, who is also a *caballero*. On the other hand, the *polacca* for the *King*, 'The mariner in his barque,' is a grave mistake. The bass voice is too heavy for such a piquant measure,—the heaviness being displayed in the present instance by the acute *obligato* of the violin accompaniment. Of his powers in construction, Mr. Wallace has not given us many specimens: he has, however, permitted us to ascertain beyond question that his orchestral writing is chance-work, rather than science,—some of his music being scored with a careless uncouthness, which is neither originality nor genius. In short, with much to qualify him for learning, Mr. Wallace has much to learn; and we earnestly trust that he will allow no immediate success, forced or real, to distract his attention from the studies necessary for the perfecting of a very promising talent.

We ought, possibly, to have first spoken of the *libretto*, but there is little to say. The dashing melodrama which all London knows by heart turns out effective, even when operated. This process, according to Drury Lane receipt, means, stuffing it full of verse like the following:—

Hopes still deceive us

With fearful cost. * *

Don't forget before you thrust,

Holy week who dares invade,

Be his quarrel ere so just,

By the halter will be paid. * *

Who is he?

O, let me see!

I will be free! &c. &c.

The poetical merits of Mr. Fitzball and Mr. Bunn are too well known to call for criticism or quotation, save in illustration of the serious disabilities under which Mr. Wallace has laboured.

The performance of this opera is generally good. Miss Romer, the *Maritana*, always near being a very good stage singer, and nearer still a very good actress, is effective and animated in her new character, though not as sure of her *roulades* as could be wished. Mr. Harrison, the *Don César*, has found a part entirely to his mind: and studied all that he has to do and to say, carefully and with intelligence. In what he has to sing, his tendency to warble with a love-lorn face breaks out somewhat immoderately; but tenors will be tenors, and cleave to the lack-a-daisical, Duprez making the glorious exception. Miss Poole is *Lazarillo*, the page,—and her pleasant looks, her sprightly action, and her clear and refined enunciation, maintain her favour with the audience. On the boards of the *Opéra Comique* she would be a *prima donna*: because, to the above gifts, she would, in Paris, have been called upon to add a larger amount of musical accomplishment. Mr. Borani performs that pompous disrespectability, the *King*, very respectably. Mr. Phillips as, *Don José*, is the least

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effective of any of the *dramatis persone*, for one simple reason—he is the least earnestly occupied with his part. There is about this gentleman an air of self-consciousness—an assurance that he possesses stores of humour and sense—which, however amusing to the observer of character, are useless as regards a dramatic performance, the first requisite for which is self-renunciation.

HAYMARKET.—On Wednesday evening a new comedy, called 'The Maiden Aunt,' by Mr. Richard Brinsley Knowles, the son of Mr. Sheridan Knowles, was produced at this theatre. It is seldom that spiritual generations are hereditary; it seems, indeed, contrary to their general nature that they should be so: no doubt, however, can exist in the present case that the poetic father has begot a poetic son, though it is less certain whether we may add that the dramatist has also been thus produced. The fact of poetic paternity, meantime, is placed beyond cavil; the resemblances of the son's style to the father's being so close as almost to amount to identity. It was both amusing and curious, during the first three acts of the play, to feel as if every line might have been written by the elder Knowles, though the greater frequency and vivacity of the wit bespoke a younger mind. There was the same trick of expression, but the joke was lighter and easier; there was not the same weight of thought or feeling, but a newer and more familiar gloss—it had more of an impromptu air, the jest of to-day's occasion rather than of yesterday's remembrance. These were the subtle characteristics by which the originality of the younger mind maintained itself, together with an undeniable spontaneity manifest even where imitation was most apparent. One can imagine Mr. Richard Knowles as the student of one author, thus contracting his manner; yet thinking for himself, and thus preserving his freedom and individuality. So much in the way of general remark. Considering the work specifically as a drama, there were unmistakable signs of extreme juvenility—and occasionally, even of puerility. The jokes so prodigally uttered were frequently boyish, even childish. The whole conception seemed as if it were born of the nursery, and the fairy pageant bodied forth for a puppet theatre, by those little actors to be found in almost all our houses who are for ever conning new parts,

As if their whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

That a public audience should not be found to sympathize with such an exhibition, is not extraordinary; for the unpoetic mind it appeared, nay, was, too "silly sooth"; but there is a class of understandings to whom the whole thing, crude and immature as it was, was interesting, and seemed as if it were a sort of revelation of poetic art in its rudimentary elements. Every line brought us in connexion with primitive nature, to which it lay close as the lark couches nigh to earth, though as yet without wing to dare an elevated flight and visit the gate of heaven with song. Whatever the degree of merit, the work was good in kind. It depended wholly on dialogue and character; in novise on situation and incident. The arrangements were of the simplest sort. For the most part, only two interlocutors occupied the stage at a time; and up to the end of the third act, the audience seemed to require no more; indeed, were well pleased with their lively discoursing, and testified [their pleasure by repeated applause. So narrow, however, were the bases of the drama, that it was then evident that the subject of the whole was exhausted (the *dénouement*, besides, having been transparent from the very first scene); and it was felt that, to eke out the remaining two acts, the author must attempt a diversion that would seem to render the result doubtful, without really doing so. It was soon discovered, therefore, that the treatment was faltering in its purpose; that expectation was cheated, and yet no surprise substituted; that there was no longer an earnestness of intention—no marching up boldly to the catastrophe, but a wanton delay—a "making mouths" for the occupation of time, at an "event" only too visible; hence, weary labour, dissatisfaction, a sense of obtrusive fun, a falling down into farcical combinations—prognostic only of fatal results. To aggravate these faults, Mrs. Seymour, who performed the part of the real, though not the nominal heroine, utterly failed. Notwithstanding all the defects we

have stated, serious as they are, had Mrs. Nisbett enacted the character, we firmly believe that so far from any disapprobation being expressed, the play would not only have proceeded without interruption, but terminated with unequivocal success. The author here, however, has paid a just penalty for having written a part for a particular performer, so well fitted, that it could scarcely suit any other. It, in fact, required the highest finish to preserve it from vulgarity; and Mrs. Seymour has unfortunately much, very much, to learn; she is altogether crude and uncertain—an actress yet but in the first stage of her education. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on Mrs. Glover; she not only acted admirably, but exerted herself with increased effect, to make up for the deficiencies (or rather, as we have said, failure) of Mrs. Seymour. Mr. Farren laboured hard, but was not happy—blank verse suits him not—he does his best and his worst to smother it; scarcely articulating the lines—avoiding their music entirely—and leaving us, indeed, to guess at even their sense. Mr. Hudson performed the lover's part with warmth and passion—but the author has left it in an incomplete state, owing to which the actor sometimes knew not what to do, and looked, at least, quite as stupid as the situation required—certainly more than the writer intended. For its want of effect the young dramatist must blame his own indecision of handling. He will, we hope, yet live to justify the promise implied in the best points of his present venture—the defects of which all arise from the immaturity, and not from the want of talent.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Amateur journalists only should review amateur actors: and seriously to criticize in the *Athenæum* the representation of 'Every Man in his Humour,' given for the benefit of the Sanatorium this day week, would not be, in our opinion, fair either to the players or the public. We may advert to it, however, as a memorable and pleasant evening. The brilliant little theatre, crowded from the pit to the gallery with a choice audience, had a sort of *Trianon*-look, recalling days of court performances, when Queens did not disdain to tread the stage, and noblemen, trained to keep their due distance, rehearsed how to "*faire jabot*," by way of avoiding the audacity of saluting the Blood Royal. With the aspect of the theatre, however, the parallel ends; there being as little in common betwixt Marivaux or Beaumarchais and 'Rare Ben,' as betwixt the Contis and Guemenes of the *rococo* Versailles theatricals, and the good men and true who gave such emphasis to the learned ancient's wit and wisdom this day week. An extract from the play-bill will be a literary curiosity fifty years hence:—

Characters.	
Knowell	Mr. H. Mayhew.
Edward Knowell	Mr. Frederick Dickens.
Brainworm	Mr. Mark Lemon.
George Downright	Mr. Dudley Castello.
Wellbred	Mr. George Castle-mole.
Kittely	Mr. Forster.
Captain Bobadil	Mr. Charles Dickens.
Master Stephen	Mr. Douglas Jerrold.
Master Mathew	Mr. John Leech.
Thomas Cash	Mr. Augustus Dickens.
Oliver Cob	Mr. Leigh.
Justice Clement	Mr. Frank Stone.
Roger Formal	Mr. Evans.
William	Mr. Eaton.
James	Mr. W. Jerrold.
Dame Kittely	Miss Fortescue.
Miss Bridget	Miss Hinton.
Tib	Miss Bev.

Every one seemed pleased; and a valuable Institution will, it is hoped, be relieved from its embarrassments, and its claims set in a clearer light than formerly before the public.

We will only add, that when the "Literary Fund Society" was struggling for existence, some half century since (1792), Captain Morris and others got up an amateur performance at the Opera House or the Haymarket Theatre, we forget which, in aid of its funds, and from that hour the Society has gone on prosperously in its career of silent benevolence. We hope the literary amateurs of our day will excuse us for thus referring to the past. The "Literary Fund Society" is, we rejoice to know, doing well; but it must ever rest for support on literary men, and the interest they can awaken in its favour. As Benjamin Franklin said when the project was first started, "Common charities spring from common

feelings; or if some of them should require a few ideas and reflections, they may be easily connected by ordinary and imperfect intellects; but an institution for the relief of misery, which is so far from being intrusive and obvious—so far from pressing on the senses that it withdraws from observation—is an institution whose object will be ever lost to the common classes of subscribers to public charities."

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—The sounds of the early season are beginning to be heard, and among them a rumour or two. Though the chronicle of each successive winter in London would show an increasing amount of classical music well performed, the novelties calling for substantive report and analysis are not very numerous. It must suffice, for the present, to say, that the *Choral Harmonists* commenced their season on Monday with a good selection of music; and to mention, as an evidence of life in an institution rarely coming within the sphere of report, that one of Mr. Hullah's classes has been entertaining itself and friends by singing through 'Alexander's Feast.' Then, while we note the increase of what may be called mixed entertainments, in which Music is illustrated by comment or anecdote, we must call attention to the interesting promise of Mr. H. Lincoln's "Evenings with the Great Composers," the satisfactory performance of which is warranted by the success of that gentleman's lectures. The music of Cherubini, for instance, announced as the subject of Mr. Lincoln's second Evening, is a *terra incognita* to the English, who are only now beginning to wake up to consider the school of France as a school,—though its serious section, alone, comprises names no less than Lulli, Rameau, Gluck, Cherubini, Lesueur, Mehul, Spontini, Meyerbeer and Onslow.—We are told that Mr. Surman has discovered in the provinces a singer from whom much is to be hoped: a Miss Sunderland.—It is rumoured, too, that Mrs. Weiss (whom we have hitherto known as Miss Barrett) is about to try the operatic stage,—for which, indeed, her superb voice and her pleasing appearance eminently qualify her.—The announcement of M. Jullien's orchestra—which is as strong as it is admirably conducted—drew crowds to Covent Garden on the opening night. As year by year this clever autocrat of the dance seems in his concerts to retreat more and more from what is classical into what is *saltatorial* (a shorter word is wanting), there is little for us to report on, further than that his performances seem to be received with increasing favour by the promenading public. Meanwhile we hear, among other things in preparation for the coming spring at our Italian Opera, that Mr. Lumley has given a commission to Sig. Verdi to write a new work for the season of 1846. This is as it should be; since, by the *maestro* great or small as a composer, he is first in fashion among the Italians; and, as such, ought to be secured for the fashion-lovers who frequent Her Majesty's Theatre. We wish, however, that, ere Sig. Verdi "oblige the stalls" with a new work, some one would thunder in his ear (it must have been long deaf to *whispers*) that we English are not educated up to the appetite for noise in which Italian musical *diletantism* seems to have merged,—and that he would lose nothing in effect by mitigating the monotonous ferocity of his instrumentation.—As we have mentioned Sig. Verdi, we may add that his new opera, 'Attila,' is to be given at Venice, towards the middle of January.—The daily papers announce the death of Mr. Terrail, long known as a counter-tenor singer: one of the class whose occupation has somewhat gone, since the *contralto* voice has been so largely cultivated. Mr. Terrail had retired from public performance for some years.

The Parisian journals announce that the competition opened by the Government for the composition of popular songs will be closed on the 1st of April next year,—that all pieces of music are to be directed to the Minister of Public Instruction, with the usual precautions attendant upon anonymous competition—that prizes of 300 to 600 *frances* (12*l.* to 24*l.*) will be awarded to the successful candidates,—and that foreign artists will be admitted: the text to be selected from the first collection of poems issued by the Government. For the benefit of any whom this invitation may interest, we may add, that the poems may be found in the form of a supplement to *La Gazette Musicale* of the 5th of October. We have

looked over the collection with some surprise. The excellent persons by whom it has been concocted seem hardly aware that moral excellence and musical fitness are not of necessity coincident. Some of the words chosen offer as little scope for the composer as a passage from 'Blair's Sermons,' or 'a sacred'—as the Scotch call it—of the rhymed wisdom of Aken-side. The Government will fail of popularizing music or morals, if they attempt it by aid of *ennui*!

The season at Berlin appears to have set in spiritedly. The 'Œdipus' of Sophocles, translated by Fritz, and with choruses by Dr. Mendelssohn, was given at Potsdam on the 1st of November. A 'Funeral Chant,' and an 'Invocation to the Gods of Battle,' are described as the most striking pieces of music. We wish that, after so many circuitous approaches of the operatic stage, Dr. Mendelssohn would at last commit himself by the final plunge. Why not write for Mademoiselle Lind?—A few lines more must mention the "breaking out in fresh places" of theatrical composers. 'Van Dyck,' an opera in three acts, the music by M. Willent Bordogni, was to be given this week at Brussels;—to the satisfaction of those who, like ourselves, would fain see the Belgians shake themselves loose from their piratical habits in music.—A biblical drama on the story of 'Jephthah' was also to be tried at the Theatre del Principe, Madrid; the music by Don Luis Cepeda, sub-conductor of one of the orchestras of that city.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Nov. 10.—A paper, by M. Leverrier, on the planet Uranus, was read by M. Arago. Uranus, when discovered, embarrassed the astronomers by the slowness of its proper motion, and it was long before they were all convinced that it was a planet. This first difficulty surmounted, the astronomers were able to ascertain pretty correctly the elements of its ellipsis. At a later period, when a series of observations, embracing a period of from 30 to 40 years, had been made, and when the perturbations due to the action of Jupiter and Saturn had been calculated, they took up the theory developed in the *Mécanique Céleste* of Laplace. The calculations ceased, however, after a time, to agree with the real positions of this planet; and M. Arago thought that there might be some errors in the calculations of Laplace. M. Leverrier has proved that M. Arago was right, and has laid down a new orbit which, for this year, differs by 40 seconds from that of the former calculation.—M. M. Laugier and Mauvais have shown the identity of the comet discovered in 1844 by M. de Vico, and that of 1785.—M. Hind has announced that he has found, in the works of M. E. Biot on the astronomical observations of the Chinese, the necessary documents for calculating the orbit of the comet 1433, and ascertained its identity with the comet of 1780 calculated by Olbers.—A paper was received from Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, announcing an observation he has made on corn spoiled in the holds of vessels by a prolonged contact with sea-water. He has found that it contains large quantities of valerianic and butyric acid. The Prince states that he is now occupied with experiments to ascertain the causes under which these two acids are formed.—M. Triger presented an account of the results obtained by him in the recent application of compressed air in mining operations. M. Triger having successfully used compressed air as a means of driving back the masses of water which are found in mines, resolved also to try its effect as a motive power, and states that he has worked an engine with it with great effect, and in situations where there was not room for the operation of a steam-engine.—Some time ago M. Arago read a communication from some of the French missionaries in China, giving an account of some deep wells in that country which had been made by boring. To-day he presented several bottles made of bamboo, containing water (salt) and bitumen taken from these wells, and forwarded for an analysis.—A letter was received from the Mayor of Calais, requesting that the Academy would order an examination to be made of the sand brought up from the bottom of the Artesian well in that town, at 310 mètres depth, and announcing that the indications of the proximity of water were sufficiently encouraging for the work of boring to be

proceeded with.—M. Thénard, in the name of a committee, read a report on the work of M. Frémy, respecting a series of acids formed of oxygen, hydrogen, azote and sulphur. In terminating his report, M. Thénard said, "M. Frémy's paper is full of new and unexpected facts. His labour is one which demanded much sagacity, and if the most numerous and important experiments of M. Frémy had not already given him an elevated rank among chemists, this last work would have entitled him to it. The committee has therefore, the honour of proposing that the Academy should order his paper to be printed in the 'Recueil des Savans Étrangers.'" This proposition of the committee was adopted.

Lewes Priory.—Since our former notice [ante, p. 1085] new discoveries have been made. On Monday, the *Brighton Herald* reports that the workmen found another grave, not of Caen stone, but of chalk, containing the uncoffined bones of a full-sized human body. A pavement of Roman tile, also, has been found in another spot—its centre is plain, bordered with enamelled tiles, some in a fair state of preservation, and ornamented with the De Warren arms. Also a doorway of a stone cell, the side stones perfect, and the stone foundation good.

Suggested Emendation in the Text of Shakspeare. Your paper of the 8th inst. mentions two proposed emendations which, with all deference, do not appear to me to be satisfactory. If you think the following, I will not say better, but sufficiently plausible to be worth publication, they are at the service of yourself and the Shakspeare Society. The first passage stands at present thus:—

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam.

Surely sense, sound, and grammar alike require that the second line should run—

No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam.

Unless, too, the first line be purposely left as it is for the sake of absurdity, a further improvement may be made by slightly altering its punctuation, and this second prologue be rendered more in conformity with the resolution passed, in regard to its composition in the first scene of the third act—

Then know that I one Snug the joiner am,—
No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam.

Of the second passage the received reading is as follows:—

Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phaëton with this unwieldy waggoner
As Phaëton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night,
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms untalk'd-of and unseen.

The question relates to the correctness and meaning of the word "runaway's," or rather (in the plural) "runaways;" and out of several interpretations that suggest themselves, I subjoin two.—

First—having reference to the lines immediately preceding—"that [the] runaway's eyes may wink," &c.—i. e. the eyes of Phaëton's fiery-footed steeds, as if whipped at once to the west by such a waggoner as Phaëton.

Second—the natural and real meaning—that the eyes of runaways escaped from servitude or from justice, the very imperfections of watchful terror and apprehensive circumspection, who are ever looking behind and about them as they run, and who see "in every bush an officer"—that even eyes as wakeful as theirs may wink under the close curtain of night, and Romeo meet Juliet "untalk'd-of and unseen."—Your obedient servant,
C. A. H.

13th November, 1845.

Melrose Abbey.—Melrose, 14th November, 1845.—In your excellent journal for last Saturday, I see a paragraph regarding our venerable and venerated Abbey, which is apt, if not contradicted, to do harm to the interests of our beautiful village, and also to deprive tourists of the gratification of inspecting one of the finest ruins in Great Britain. It is quite true that the Duke of Buccleugh (in consequence of some injury done to the beautiful carved works of the cloisters) did cause [the] Abbey to be shut up for nearly a fortnight, but this continued only till his grace made new arrangements as to the future showings of the Abbey. As soon as these were finished, it was re-opened, and is now as open to the public as ever. I may mention that the damage done is slight, and that I am quite sure that no building in Great Britain has suffered less from the spoilers than our old Abbey. You will do me a favour, and also, I think confer one on those of our southern friends who frequent our neighbourhood and linger around the hoary pile, either by inserting this letter, or, at all events, mentioning in your Weekly Gossip that the restrictions on seeing the Abbey are now removed.—I am, &c.
W. BROWN, M.D.

The sale, in Paris, of the collection of M. Cailhava, a celebrated Lyons amateur, recently gathered together the bibliophiles of that capital; and the result of their muster was the attainment of prices not exceeded at the sales of even Charles Noddy, M. de Soleinne, M. de Châteaugiron, or M. de Pixérécourt. The following are some of the lots which were most eagerly disputed:—*L'Esperon de Discipline*, a small volume, in gothic quarto, printed on vellum, date 1532, fetched 2,260 francs;—Boethius (*Boèce*), one folio volume, on vellum, printed by Verard, in 1499, with miniatures, 2,027 francs;—an *Alain Chartier*, small octavo, very wide margins, bound by Thouvenin, 1529, 471 francs;—*La Danse des Aveugles*, gothic quarto of forty-four leaves, bound by Duru, 652 francs;—a *François Villon*, of Gaillot Dupré, 524 francs;—a *Gérard de Nevers*, bound by Bauzonnet, 294 francs (of this book a leaf was wanting, and has been so skilfully replaced that the fact is to be detected only by very close inspection);—the *Discours de Machiavel* on the first decade of Titus Livy, a quarto volume, with Groslier's binding, 650 francs;—the *Roman de la Rose*, four volumes octavo, printed on vellum, edition of Méon, 1,050 francs;—the *Danse Macabre*, a small volume in folio, 430 francs;—the works of Marot, edition of 1529, 463 francs;—the *Romanesque Artus de Bretagne*, a quarto volume, 442 francs;—and the *Œuvres de Louise Labbé*, Lyons edition, a small octavo, 1556, 255 francs.

Antiquities.—M. Lottin de Laval, charged with an archaeological mission in the East by the French Government, writes to the *Journal de Constantinople* that a corner-stone has been recently found in Babylon (a thing of exceeding rarity in that ancient city of bricks),—having two fine inscriptions in the arrow-headed letter. This he has purchased; and he has likewise taken casts of a score or so of bricks from the Mujellibe and Bira-Nimrod, of which Europe had as yet no impressions.—In the same letter, the writer speaks of a new process of moulding which he has invented; enabling him, by means of a substance very light and malleable, to take impressions in plaster as fine as by the ordinary process—while the model of a bas-relief weighing thirty thousand, will not exceed fifteen or twenty kilograms. "I bring with me," he continues, "thirty-eight figures from Persepolis, several groups from Shapoor, and nearly two hundred inscriptions. I have applied my new process to the inscriptions; and am no longer in danger of seeing my labours destroyed by the rains—as happened to me, last winter, in the mountains of Kurdistan and the plains of Upper Assyria, with my paper impressions. Now, the substances which I use have scarcely one tenth more weight than paper, and take up less room."

Iron Dross.—A French mechanic formed the idea that by subjecting iron dross to the slow cooling process, a useful species of stone might be obtained: and as iron dross, such as the large furnaces yield, is a useless substance, the announced successful result of his attempts cannot but be matter of interest, especially at the present time, when the smelting furnaces of England are in a hitherto unknown state of activity. The object which the Frenchman sought to accomplish was, to impart to iron dross the compactness and hardness of granite, and at the same time to save the cost and labour which the hewing of the real stone requires. To this end he contrived to let the iron-refuse, while in a fluid state, run into iron forms, which were previously brought to a red heat by being placed so as to receive the superfluous flame which issues from the mouth of the furnace; and in order to insure the slow cooling, these forms are provided with double sides, between which sand is introduced, which is well known to be a bad conductor of heat; the whole is then brought again to a glow heat, and in like manner again cooled off. By this procedure, it is asserted, the discoverer has succeeded in forming paving-stones, flags, large building-blocks and even pipes, of any given form, of a degree of hardness, equal, if not superior, to the best hewn natural granite, and at the most trifling cost.—*Herald.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—S.—A. J. S.—R.—W. M.—H. Y.—C. A. H.—Outline—S. L.—W. A.—received.

The account to which J. D. refers, was published months since in the *Athenæum*.

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